NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.

GEORGE W. MATSELL & CO., EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

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Policeman Scott's Encounter with a Burglar, at Williamsburgh, L. I.

Terrible Results of Lovers' Quarrels at the "Cotton Plant," Memphis, Tenn.—See Memphis Correspondence.

MISCELLANEOUS GALLANTRIES.

A Union Officer's "Free Love" Enthusiasm.

HE MARRIES A GEORGIA WOMAN.

HE TAKES A SECOND "BETTER HALF."

ELOPEMENT WITH A PRETTY SERVANT GIRL.

Capture of the Offender.

A LESSON ON BIGAMY.

Thomas L. H., is a good-looking but decidedly fast ex-officer of the —th Indiana cavalry, says a Louisville exchange of the 27th ult. He was a meritorious soldier, and by the sheer force of his own merit won his way, through all the intermediate grades, from the double stripes of a corporal to the double bars of a captain. We first formed his acquaintance at the beginning of the campaign from Chattanooga against Joe Johnston, his regiment at that time being attached to the brigade in which he served. "Hoosier," as he was familiarly called, was a jovial blade—the wit of the mess-table and the singiest of the campfire. His jokes passed as current in the command as postage currency, and the days of his absence from camp on foray or scout were sure to be "as blue as blazes." He was a gallant fellow, too; could swing a sabre with the most experienced cavalier, and seemed to be perfectly ignorant of the meaning of the word fear. A handsome dog he was, too; and his bold, winning, dashing ways, his jaunty, elastic step, his perfectly moulded form, his inexhaustible conversational treasures, all conspired to make him a general favorite with the ladies wherever we pitched our camp. At length Dan Cupid gave him a mortal wound at Carterville, Ga. Black eyes did for him what leaden bullets had been powerless to do. He was completely knocked over. "Hoosier" and his inamorata were married—Chaplain Coleman York, of the 7th Kentucky cavalry, performing the ceremony. We

Policeman Thos. Scott.

W. D. A. Hosea.

James C. Potts, Absconding Messenger.

regret that we connot recall the name of the bride, as we have no doubt she was a most excellent young lady, and is, in all probability, anxious to learn the whereabouts of her truant lord.

"Hoosier's" honeymoon was destined to be of short duration. Sherman started upon his historic march to the sea, and Wilson, who commanded our corps, was ordered to lead our command down through the heart of the cotton States. Of course it is not our province to write in this connection of the privations we endured, the perils we overcame, and the battles we fought and won during the last days of the confederacy. We only allude to these things because of his connection with them. When the war—at least the armed part of it—was declared to be at an end, our command was ordered up to Nashville from Southern Georgia and Florida—where the surrender of Johnson and the capture of Jeff. Davis found us—to be mustered out of the service. The last we saw of "Hoosier" (until we met him in this city a few months ago) was when we shook hands with him at the depot in Nashville, when we boarded the train "for the free land of our own beloved home." He then assured us that he was going to return to Georgia to get his wife, and transplant her to his northern home. We presumed, of course, that he had carried out that intention, and frequently thought of the gallant roughrider and his southern bride.

About the middle of December last, we met "Hoosier" upon the streets, and in response to our inquiries he informed us that he had removed to this city with the intention of going into some business, and was then looking out for a location. He also informed us that he was accompanied by his wife, and that he was the happy parent of a bouncing boy. Upon our asking if he did not have some trouble in persuading his wife to leave her home and kindred in Georgia to accompany him to Indiana, we were astonished to learn that Mrs. H. was not the Carterville lady. We asked if she was dead. He did not know. He had not returned for her, had not written to her, and was as indifferent as he was ignorant of her whereabouts and condition. He had returned to his native town, and married a young lady to whom he was engaged when the tocsin of war called him from peaceful pursuits to the tented field. And this when he had a lawful wife living in another State. The cool villainy of the man, and the light manner in which he spoke of his first wife and his marital obligations to her, satisfied us that he was no longer a desirable acquaintance, and hence, the few times we have seen him since upon the streets, we have studiously avoided coming in contact with him.

Our attention having been attracted to the following paragraph in the *Cincinnati Daily Times*, of Saturday, and the subject-matter being news to us, we set about investigating the affair:

"A MATRIMONIAL REMORSE and greatly em-

Rowdies on a Rampage, at Batavia, N. Y.

bittered party arrived here from Cleveland last evening, en route for Louisville. Is consisted of a deserted wife, who, together with her sister and brother-in-law, had gone in pursuit of her faithless husband, and finding him in Cleveland, was leading him, by the ears, as it were, back to the domestic ness. It seems that the husband, forgetting his connubial vows, had become enamored of a certain young woman in Louisville, and proposed an elopement, to which she consented. They went to Cleveland and put up at a hotel, where they passed for man and wife, the popular supposition being that they were a newly married couple, basking in the rays of the honeymoon. His wife, hearing in some way of his whereabouts, sought him out, and found him as above related. He hadn't anything to say, but meekly accompanied his enraged wife to Louisville again, leaving his 'affinity' at Cleveland."

Upon pushing our inquiries in every quarter where we imagined we would be likely to meet with success, we were astonished to learn that the truant husband was no other than our old army friend, "Hoosier." After reflecting upon his conduct towards his Georgia wife, our astonishment quickly evaporated, and we caught ourselves wondering that he had not perpetrated some similar rascality sooner. The name of the party with whom he eloped was Margaret Shelton, an attractive young servant girl at the house where he and his wife boarded. Her friends are said to live in the neighborhood of Toledo, Ohio. "Hoosier" and his wife reached this city yesterday evening, and settling up their board bill, packed up and left for their home in Indiana, on the Chicago and Indianapolis train last night. The injured wife has forgiven him this escapade, and is going to trust him once more, on his taking an oath upon the Bible that he will never repeat the exploit. He may be true to his oath, but, from our knowledge of his transactions with women, above recorded, we would not trust him, to use a homely but expressive phrase, as far as we could fling an ox by the tail. We trust, though, for the happiness and good name of his wife and child, that he may turn out to be a better man than we now believe him to be.

Daring Robbery of Mary Thompson in Brooklyn, N. Y.

RETRIBUTIVE JUSTICE.

The Fate of a Burglar.

HE FIRES AT A POLICEMAN AND PUTS A BULLET THROUGH HIS CAP.

HE FLIES, BUT IS TAKEN ON THE WING AND SHOT DEAD.

THE WILLIAMSBURGH "GONNOFFS" IN MOURNING.

A Needed Lesson to the Gang.

A Week after week we have the painful duty to record crimes of the worst character committed in the City of Churches. We do not charge these crimes upon church going people in that city. Morality and purity of life abound in Brooklyn, But, nevertheless, that city is cursed with a migrating band of scoundrels who take refuge there from the vigilance of our sometimes active police in New York. In the outskirts of large cities, the dark places, in a comparatively sparse population, where the concentrated force of law and order is not supposed to be in full operation; the skulking thief, the burglar, the highwayman, and each of these, if need be, a murderer, take refuge, to ply their trade of plunder and blood if need be. "Gonnoffstown," alias Williamsburgh, alias the Eastern District of Brooklyn, appears to be the headquarters of these villains. There, after a certain hour, no man or woman, or property or life is safe. The murderer's red hand is found daily reeking with the life blood of inoffensive citizens, irrespective of age or sex. Periodically, there may be a cessation of these deeds of robbery and murder. The tide sometimes recedes, but the [illegible] remains; and so do the [illegible] we speak of com[illegible] back again; they are perpetually recurrent. They come, too, with an audacity, as if impunity became

Horrible Murder of David Sprouls by Thieves, in Washington Co., Pa.

Chicago Thieves Forcing their Way into Snell's Hotel, at Jefferson, Ill.

prescriptive from the frequency of the escape of their perpetrators, and the guardians of law and order often appear to us astonishingly remiss in their duties—nay, often appear to themselves as remiss—a puzzle to themselves.

In Williamsburgh not only civilians are murdered, but, contrary to our notions of their efficiency, confounding our desire to be censorious regarding the actions of the police, we find the officers themselves shot down and murdered in discharge of their onerous and by no means enviable duties; murdered, too, and the murderer is never found out.

This state of crime in Williamsburgh, progressive as it is infamous and rampant; the outcry that has been raised from time to time regarding the escape of the lawless in that district; and the sense of self-preservation which is instinctive in the bosom of every human being, have, at length, given an impetus, a sharpness, and a special determination to the force under Captain Woglam, and within the last few days we have seen the results of this improved state of things.

A BURGLAR ATTACKS A POLICE OFFICER.

At 3 o'clock on Saturday morning last, an occurrence took place between a burglar and an officer of the Forty-fifth Precinct, which, though painful, inasmuch as a wretched man was summarily sent before his Maker. "unanointed and unaneled," must give satisfaction, not only to all who desire to see the police do their duty upon the proper emergency, but likewise give reassurance to the people in the vicinity, who rely upon them for protection and guardianship. Let us give the particulars:

At the hour above named, officer Thomas Scott, of the Forty-fifth Precinct was patrolling his beat, between Ninth and First streets; he noticed a man prowling around his beat between the corner of the above named streets. The officer went towards him, with a view of having a look at his face. As he approached this suspected person, and coming within some few feet of him, the scoundrel discharged his revolver at him. The bullet passed through the officer's cap, the powder blackening and burning his face.

REPRISAL.

Let it be understood that, generally speaking, an assassin is invariably a coward. No sooner had this would-be assassin discharged his pistol at the officer than he took flight. It was then time for the officer to do a double duty, to kill the assassin in flight, and, in killing him, to catch him. It was so in this case; no sooner had the scoundrel taken to his heels than officer Scott, finding himself all right, followed and discharged his pistol through the assassin's breast, and the latter was instantly and justly a corpse.

The body was then removed to the station house in Fourth street, where it was identified as that of an old offender named Henry Monzani, a cigar-maker by trade, aged about 29 years, lately residing at the corner of Division avenue and First street, E. D. Upon searching his pockets he was found to be possessed of the following articles: Two revolvers heavily loaded; a skeleton key, a jimmy, a screw-driver, a small pair of scissors, and a lot of matches. He also carried a basket when first encountered by the officer, in which was found the proceeds of a burglary committed just previously, at the house of Mr. Bingham, No. 3 South Eighth street, and which consisted of a quantity of uncooked meat, a lot of spinning tops, and some twine. Papers were found upon him which led to his place of residence in Fourth street.

A BURGLAR'S IMPLEMENTS AND ASSETS.

This man, who thus attempted to kill the officer, but who was killed himself, appears to have been a somewhat singular character in his line of business. As a robber, a thief and a burglar, he did not confine himself to any specialty of the rogue's profession. All was fish that came to his net. He had an itching palm for everything, and was undoubtedly afflicted with the disease known as kleptomania. He might, indeed, have been properly called what is defined in the Rogues' Lexicon, a "Fidlam bens." Witness an inventory of his assets. Independently of the papers found upon his person, the officers, on proceeding to search his residence, discovered the following articles: Two basketfuls of ladies and gentlemen's shoes and boots; ten to fifteen pounds of copper nails; a new brass kettle and meerschaum pipe; three or four saws, (meat saws and carpenter's saws; a policeman's cap, bound with tissue, and conquered by the officers of the Forty-fifth Precinct as intended and used to personate one of themselves; a valuable coat with the lining cut out; boxes of china cement; a burglar's noiseless hammer, (stuffed with cotton;) a [illegible] of chisels, jimmies, small saws; an anvil and forge, in his back room, for the purpose of manufacturing the implements of his trade. Two beautiful silver mounted pistols were found on his person. It appears that this unhappy wretch was recently convicted before a Brooklyn justice, of indecent exposure of person. He is suspected of being the assassin of officer Hipwell, but this is mere wild conjecture, as dead men tell no tales.

Drs. Creamer and De Long made a *post mortem* examination of the body on Sunday last, when the bullet was found to have entered the back about two inches below the left shoulder blade, passing through the lung and the left auricle of the heart, thence through the main artery at the base of the heart, and lodging in the left lung, from which it was extracted.

THE PERSONNEL OF THE BURGLAR.

Manzoni was quite a celebrity in Williamsburg. Always beautifully dressed, of gentlemanly deportment and liberal in expenditure at the places of entertainment in the neighborhood. Nobody ever suspected him of belonging to the profession by the practice of which he has come to a well-deserved fate.

MANZONI A PURCHASER OF REAL ESTATE.

Contrary to the ordinary rule of those who adopt the desperate profession of Manzoni, he appears to have had an idea of setting up a home. To what purpose that home was to be applied it matters little now to speculate. But from papers found at his residence it appears he had recently bought a house in Fourth street for the sum of $4,500.

A LESSON, WE TRUST.

If this will be a warning to evil-doers—as we trust it may in Williamsburg—we cannot be too much pleased with the act that has rid society of one of the pestiferous gang who are a terror and a curse to the neighborhood where he has met his deserved fate. We applaud the officer who has had the pluck and presence of mind to take the ruffian on the wing; and if promotion be meted to the deserving and the efficient among the policemen in Williamsburg, we heartily recommend officer Scott to the best consideration of his superiors. Let that efficient and excellent officer, Captain Woglam, look to this; and by doing so he will inspire his men to perform their onerous and trying duty in "Gonnofftown."

The National Police Gazette.

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THE

National Police Gazette.

NEW YORK, APRIL 6, 1867.

THE GREAT SOCIAL EVIL.—It is with much satisfaction we find a distinguished Western clergyman publicly and boldly stepping on the platform so long occupied (we may say alone,) by the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE; advancing to the standpoint whence for years we have hurled shafts of denunciation against that abomination of abominations—abortion in all its forms. Week in and week out we have raised our voice in protest against the widely obtaining practice of fœticide, and we have solemnly warned those addicted to it of its fearful physical results, not to speak of the moral degradation it of necessity involves. In doing so much for the cause of morals and humanity, we but followed the dictates of a plain duty, and we enjoy the satisfaction to-day of feeling that our labor has not been expended in vain. At last we see an awaking in influential quarters to a just appreciation of this important subject, in its length and breadth. During the past winter it was discussed in a very lucid manner before the medical faculty of Detroit by Dr. Stewart of that city, and from whose able address on that occasion we published some valuable extracts a few weeks ago. In that comprehensive paper Dr. Stewart demonstrated very fully the absolute and entire truth of the general propositions we have advanced from time to time upon the subject of fœticide and abortion, that it is a practice promotive of social crime, and a prolific source of a vast amount of excruciating disease among females; in fine, that it is an outrage against decency, humanity and the Divine law!

We are glad, then, to find the pulpit, even though tardily, taking up a refrain to our long-timed complaint and through the manly utterance of the Rev. Dr. Eddy, of Chicago, scoring this abominable depravity in appropriate terms of withering reprobation. We rejoice that the reverend gentleman is in no way mealy-mouthed in speaking of this devastating curse of our present civilization, and that he is not afraid to charge directly its extensive prevalence among church members and the so-called "better classes" of society. He very properly does not mince matters, even though his warning and denunciation may offend in certain quarters. The reverend gentleman's candor and bold outspeaking befits his office, and the grave importance of the subject he discusses. Following in the footsteps of the *National Police Gazette*, he sets a wholesome example which, if adopted by his professional brethren, cannot fail to be attended by results incalculably advantageous to the purity of morals and the actual preservation of the human species.

It behooves lay and clerical alike, to be up and doing, for truly is this soul and body destroying practice spreading throughout society. It is the result of ignorance of the laws of nature, or it proceeds from intelligent, wilful intent. To reach the one class, let then the pulpit ring with the clarion tones of explanatory admonition and denunciation of the monster sin; and as to the other, when overtaken by justice, let the law's most dire weight fall crushingly upon the miscreants who so foully outrage decency, humanity, and the Creator's solemn command. So then, let the medical and clerical professions—let all right-minded persons join hand in hand with the press in an unceasing crusade against this present day social monster, and check its ravages by bringing people to realize the fact that though they may escape legal punishment for resorting to this shocking crime, most assuredly they cannot avoid the inevitable compensation which nature demands for a ruthless assault upon her secret processes.

PUNISHMENTS AND THEIR OBJECTS.—In drawing the picture of the helpless condition of the convicted and punished criminal, how often and how justly do we find him alluding to the circumstance that his reputation has been so damaged that honest people are loth to employ him; that his return to an untainted life is almost impossible, and that out of sheer self-defence—with bread on the one hand and death by starvation on the other—he is compelled to resort again to the same criminal enterprises for which he has already suffered. Here reveals itself, in great force, a serious and notorious difficulty with which the reformer of penal codes has to contend. Struck with this view, [illegible] by the less hardened convict, the reformer would, if he could, institute a penitentiary of so effective a description, that the fact of having passed through it would be even a testimonial of good character. But who is there that does not see that the infamy is the very essence of the punishment, or a very large ingredient in it? A good character is the appropriate reward of the good and honest citizen; if the criminal does not pay the forfeit of his character and only a certain amount of temporary physical inconvenience is to be sustained by him, the terror of punishment is mainly at an end. Here, in the arena of public life, between society and the culprit, are not the tenderness that would reclaim; the vigor that must chastise, and the leaving of character untainted, manifestly and gravely incompatible? It must be understood that there is no question here of that delicate sense of shame, which is the best preservative against every departure from rectitude. This has been wholly, or partially, worn out and has ceased to operate on the minds of the majority of persons who expose themselves to the action of the penal laws. It is the value of character as a mere commercial commodity, or as a requisite for social well-being, that alone has weight with them. Benevolent projectors of reform, much more benevolent than logical, prison, and similar associations, very often compare a prison to a hospital. They assume that the inmates are sent there to be cured, and that they should not be restored to society until restored, one to health of the body, and the other to the health of the mind. Would they carry out the analogy to its fair extent and completeness, and maintain that the patient from either hospital should be remitted to society with a character equally free from blemish or stain? In other words, is the man who has gone into a prison to be cured of a propensity to steal, to be received by the community on his return with the same compassionate welcome, as one who has entered a hospital to be cured of a mere physical disease? The word "hospital" has no very inviting sound; its association of ideas is not pleasant. Physic is no doubt sufficiently nauseous to be not inaptly compared to punitive discipline; but nauseous drugs are not the only means of cure; for good nursing, vigilant attendance, encouraging words and, in some cases, generous diet, have an important influence in the curative process. In the hospital of the mind, the convict's hospital, a prison, lenitive and fostering measures, the encouragement of hope for a better future, have a still larger share in the work of moral restoration. Were this principle of cure, of perfect restoration, to be adopted as the leading principle of penal legislation, it would come to this, that a poor man would have no better way of recommending himself to the fatherly care of our State or municipal authorities, than by the commission of a crime, and that none in the lower classes of society would be so well trained and disciplined for advancing their fortunes in the world, as those who commenced their career by treating with contempt the penal laws of their country. Imprisonment, with its various accomplishments and modifications, is the great reformatory punishment: indeed, with the exception of death—confined in our State to cases of murder in the first degree and to arson when loss of life is the result of the crime—it is the only punishment bestowed on serious offences. Imprisonment of some kind either in our State, or in some colony yet to be mapped out, perhaps in our new Russian possessions, is the penal safeguard of society; and we must be cautious that we do not so far diminish its terrors as to make it hold out any—or only a very light—threat to a malefactor. On the other hand its rigors should not be so terrible as to extinguish any latent good that may be left in the mind of the punished. Because ten men are sent to the State Prison for ten offences of the same grade, it does not follow that the discipline of the whole ten, while in prison, should be the same. At first it may be proper that no distinction should be made; but a very short time at their daily tasks, a careful but brief study of the disposition of each, will soon indicate those who are not utterly lost to a sense of shame and on whom encouragement to a better moral condition will not be thrown away. Stern and unyielding discipline should be exercised over all; but favoritism as to lightness of tasks, character of labor, means of mental recreation and an opportunity to use time for the convict's own benefit, should be palpably and openly shown as the reward of merit, meekness and cheerful submission to discipline. We use the words "palpably and openly shown," because we would have the worst of those confined know by personal observation, that it lies in their own power to ameliorate the rigors of their imprisonment, by good behavior and the exercise of the better traits of character. This brings us to the declaration that those who have charge of convicts are not mere machines who are, day after day, to indiscriminately put those under their charge, through the same identical routine, without any regard being had for the better qualities that some of them may develop. Here the warden, the keeper or overseer, has confided to him the performance of a delicate, but very important duty; for favoritism, without a basis of merit, should never be given; but favoritism, on the basis of being deserved, should never be denied. Herein it is that the wardenships of some of the State prisons have been great successes. A mild discipline, which but seldom invokes the aid of the shower bath, the iron yoke, the chain and ball and the iron mask, has been found to be not incompatible with strict order and the full performance of duty by the convict. So, too, it has been demonstrated that a cheerful demeanor, alacrity at labor, attention to duty and a respectful bearing on the part of the convict, can be induced to a greater degree by kindness than by physical degradation and torture. We have reached the extent of our space for the present week. We shall next week have something to say about the death-penalty.

CHOSES DRAMATIQUE.

All that we are called upon to write this week may be chronicled within a very brief space. Parepa Rosa, the modern Queen of Song, who wears her diadem most regally, has left us for a brief season in the provinces of Philadelphia, Salem and Portland, under the management of Strakosch. As a consequence, the receipts of the Academy have fallen from $4,500 to about one-third of that sum. The lesson that is thus taught to Max is simply that when a man has a good thing he had better keep it. When she has returned she will be under the management of Mr. L. F. Harrison, and she will, without doubt, be a member of the operatic company of next season. This is pleasant news to all who love music in its more exalted sphere, and who is there in this age that does not? Max's tenor *robusto*, Mazzoleni, is getting into a bad habit of singing too loudly, and his voice rattles beyond all limits of melody. So good an actor, with so good a voice, would be a great loss to the operatic stage, if he should retire; but permit us to ask what is the essential difference between retiring or remaining on the boards without the display of those characteristics through which he has been made a great favorite? In the old house some degree of shouting was permissable under the plea of its bad acoustic features; but in the new Academy, where a whisper from the stage can be heard in any part of the building, no matter how crowded it may be, straining of the voice becomes not only disagreeable, but entirely unnecessary even in the most exacting tenor *roles* of Verdi, that most exacting of composers. If Mazzoleni keeps on, he will find that popularity may be made as ephemeral in this country as in some others that we could name. On Monday night one of our old favorites, "Ernani," was sung, and notwithstanding the praiseworthy efforts of Senora Poch and Signor Antonucci, it was very badly rendered. Mazzoleni was noisy, and Morra, the baritone, bad in method and voice. The consequence was that the concerted music, and more especially the grand *finale* of the third act, was coldly received, though the audience appeared to be a very indulgent one. The orchestration and chorus were all that could be desired.

We strolled into Wallack's for a few moments on Monday night, where we found that wonderful old actor, George Holland, in all his acting on what was truly a benefit night, for the house was crowded. This artist shows no diminution of power as compared with his efforts thirty years ago, but he still acts with a vigor and unctuousness that is surprising in view of the fact that he has reached the ripe age of four score years. He appeared as *Paul Pry* and as *Thomas* in the "Secret," in the latter of which, only, we saw him. He was admirable, and throughout displayed immense comic humor. We think that the management will find it to their interest to repeat the bill. On the evening of the day that we write, a new drama by Boucicault called "Hunted Down," is to be produced at this theatre; we are therefore compelled to postpone a notice of it until next week. Mr. Lester Wallack's play of "Rosedale," is about to be produced in London under the auspices and direction of Boucicault.

"Jeanie Deans," one of Boucicault's literary adaptations has been produced in fine style at the New York theatre with Rose Eytinge in the title *role*, which sets with great pathos and touching naturalness. Her scene with the Queen of England and the Duke of Argyle (capitally done by Mark Smith) where she pleads for the life of her condemned sister *Effie*, is full of tenderness and depth of passionate feeling. It is not acting; it is nature, and when we saw it there were but few unwet eyes in the house. Mrs. Gomersal sustains the part of *Effie* in a manner that is deserving of unusual praise. She models the character strictly on nature and has drawn forth the enthusiastic approbation of the house. Mr. Lewis Baker is admirable as *David Deans*; Mrs. Wilkins' good as *Meg*, and the rest of the distribution of character is admirable. From what we have written it will be seen that the drama has been successful; indeed it can be "run" for a month to come.

There is nothing new at any of the other houses except the *reprise* of Maggie Mitchell at the Broadway, in her old character of *Fanchon*, if that can be called new. This theatre has changed hands by Mr. Wood having assigned his lease to Mr. Barney Williams, who has very wisely retained Mr. William A. Moore as manager. Mr. Wood has earned money and laurels during his managerial career in New York, and now retires with numberless good opinions and hosts of friends.

It is said that the Worrell sisters have taken the New York theatre for the summer season and that both of the present managers are going to Europe. It is supposed, however, that they will resume their managerial functions in the fall. This is all that we care to talk about this week.

[SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE.]

Philadelphia Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1867.

SENTENCE OF A MURDERER—HE IS TO BE HANGED BY THE NECK UNTIL HE IS DEAD.

Gottleib Williams, convicted of the murder of Mrs. Eliza M. Miller, by knocking her down and cutting her throat, at her home in Button street, was on Saturday brought up for sentence. A motion had been made in arrest of judgment on the ground that Williams should have been tried within two terms of the court after his commitment, but the court overruled the motion, and at once proceeded to pass sentence. The usual question was put to the prisoner as to whether he had anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced, and he replied that he had much to say, but that it would not do him any good to say it then; that he was innocent of the crime.

Judge Ludlow then passed the sentence in the following words:

Gottleib Williams—at the present term of this court you were tried for the willful, deliberate and premeditated murder of Eliza M. Miller, and although defended ably and earnestly by your counsel, a jury of your own selection found you guilty of murder in the first degree. The court have reflected upon the evidence submitted in your case, and have no doubt of the correctness of this verdict, and thus by the record of this tribunal you stand convicted of having committed the highest crime known to our laws.

No human eye witnessed the cruel blows which your right arm inflicted upon an aged and defenceless woman, nor the terrible deliberation with which you almost severed her head from her body, an All-wise and Omniscient Being permitted human witnesses to trace your steps, and by the testimony a series of facts were clearly established which furnished the successive links in that iron chain which held you in its embrace.

We do not desire to protract this painful scene by an extended reference to the details of this bloody tragedy, but we cannot help saying that you inhumanly murdered a woman, in her own peaceful, quiet home, where she had resided for a quarter of a century, beneath the shadow of the very house in which you had passed the days of your childhood.

The female had taken an interest in your own welfare, had fed you at her table, had been your benefactress and friend; and worse than all, she would to-day have slept in a dishonored grave but for the prompt action of the authorities, and the overruling providence of a just God.

Nor is this your first offence, for our records prove that another human being has fallen a victim to your savage passions.

Our duty, though painful, is plain; as ministers of justice we execute the command of our statute, and of that divine law which declares "whoso sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed."

You sent your victim into eternity in a moment, and before she could utter a single prayer; human justice will before long consign you to the scaffold and the grave, but time will be given you to repent. We admonish you to prepare without delay to meet that August Being before whose bar you must stand, and whose decree will be final, and so all eternity irrevocable.

Nothing now remains for us to do but to pronounce the judgment of the law, which judgment is (here all the judges arose):

That Gottleib Williams, the prisoner at the bar, be taken from hence to the jail of the county of Philadelphia, from whence he came, and from thence to the place of execution, and that he be there hanged by the neck until he is dead, and may God in His infinite goodness have mercy on his soul.

Williams was then removed to the county prison and placed in the condemned cell—the same one occupied by Probst, Armstrong, Berger and others. The court has suggested that a watch be kept over him to prevent the commission of suicide, which he would do, if the opportunity offered, no doubt. Williams is about thirty-eight years old, of medium size. His left side is paralyzed, and he uses a cane in walking. He has a rather intelligent face, and there is nothing bad in the expression. It is perhaps but right I should say that there are doubts expressed of his guilt, as there always is in cases depending upon circumstantial testimony alone. I well remember that Charley Langfeldt, the murderer of Mrs. Budemucker, had many defenders in Philadelphia, and there were people uncharitable enough to insinuate that the husband was the guilty agent, though he was murderously beaten by the assassin. There were plenty of people who declared their belief in the innocence of Arthur Spring, and their conviction that the son (a mere boy) was the murderer. That Williams should be able to get a few defenders from the long array of doubters is not surprising. They will not, however, interrupt the steady course of justice. Williams will receive the punishment he merits just as certain as the sun rises and sets, unless he find means to put himself out of the way before the time arrives. The Governor appoints the day for the execution.

DESPERATE CONFLICT WITH A BURGLAR.

A German pawnbroker, named Colbeck, quite recently in the business, has a small shop in South street, above Tenth, where he also resides. On Saturday night, after closing up and starting for his bed-room he found the door opening upon the flat unfastened, and his suspicions were thereby aroused that all was not right. He searched the house, but not finding any one he went to bed, having first taken the precaution to put his money under his pillow. Though he had been up later than usual and felt rather tired, he could not go to sleep, and he tossed about the bed for half an hour. He then got up and renewed his search. In the bed-room there hung against the wall a number of dresses, and behind one of these a burglar had concealed himself. Colbeck there discovered him, and a desperate fight followed. Armed with a "jimmy," a single blow with which was sufficient to produce death, the burglar felt secure, especially as the pawnbroker was unarmed. Bringing the instrument down upon the forehead of Colbeck, he knocked him senseless to the floor, and but for the wife's presence and courage would, no doubt, have followed up the blow. She seized the fellow, screaming meanwhile, and held him until Colbeck had recovered sufficiently to go to work again. The burglar struck him once or twice after that, and before the police reached the place to which the wife's screams attracted them the fellow had gone down stairs and taken shelter in a stable in the rear, where the officers found him. He proved to be a young man, about twenty-six years of age, rather good-looking, and among the last persons to be picked out as burglars. James W. Kelly was the name he gave, and he said that he was from Newbern, N. C.; that during the war he was attached to the Fifth Louisiana Regiment. His employment in Philadelphia has been that of a soldier messenger. He has been committed for trial.

JEW HARRY.

The numerous store robberies in Philadelphia recently, shows the presence among us of a gang of desperadoes. The other day Jew Harry was picked up as he was leaving for New York, and in his valise were found picklocks and an extensive cutter for removing panels from doors, without the necessity of using an augur or brace and bit. Chief Lamon took the stand against the prisoner, and said that he had for a long time been suspected of being at the head of a gang of store robbers. Is it possible? and yet he seems not to have been watched at all. Probably chance was to be depended upon to get him. Henry Green was the name he gave, and said that he was from New York. His trade was that of a jeweler, and he dealt in jewelry.

"Do you use those things in your business?" asked the alderman, referring to the extensive cutter and the picklocks.

"No, I don't," was the reply; "I found them."

Two others have been arrested on suspicion of having been connected with Harry, but thus far all is mere suspicion.

At the hearing the office was graced by the presence of Jack Carpenter, Tom Holland, Tom Phillips, Sugar Jim, and other notabilities of the Fifth Ward. By the way, it is said that Jack Carpenter has sold out his interest in the Carpenter House, and will start a shop somewhere else.

DUBLIN JOE.

The dwarf pickpocket, "Little Joe" or "Dublin Joe," was caught foul on Sunday in St. Mary's Roman Catholic Church. The fellow had taken advantage of the throng, and was in the midst of a crowd of "molls," pursuing his vocation, when he was handed over to one of the Fifth Ward officers. As Joe is a useful man, [illegible] able to slip out on straw bail, I suppose. Just as certain as time is given, he will, like Dutch Ahern, be able to laugh at the officers of justice. He was putting up at the Carpenter House when arrested, and his meals were sent to him from there at the station house. There was a "stall" in the church, but he managed to get off, not being known to the male members of the congregation, and the officer not seeing him.

PEANUTS.

Zekel Corser alias Peanuts, who was committed under the professional thieves' law, did not succeed in effecting his release on *habeas corpus*. After hearing the whole case, the court remanded him, so that he will be required to serve out his full sentence. As he pretended that he was on his way to Colorado when arrested, his trip to that far-off region must be necessarily deferred for a short season. Upon his release, I recommend that he follow the lead of the Philadelphia professionals, and reform at once. I doubt not but that a certificate of good character could be obtained by any of the old crowd from such of the detectives as "haven't seen 'em do anything" for a long time. Mysterious Jimmy was on that lay before he was sent to "quod," but it wouldn't do.

HOSIEER THE SWINDLER.

William D. A. Hosieer the confidence man, swindler and forger, remains in the county Prison awaiting trial. Since he finds that he is done for, he takes things philosophically, and talks freely upon the subject of the swindles he committed, not making any concealment of them. He does pretend that because he did not imitate the signature of L. M. Hoses of Cincinnati, he cannot be convicted of forgery. Perhaps he may be mistaken in this. He did circulate for a time about a lawyer's office, and may have read Blackstone, but if so the effect of it has been to make him a bigger scoundrel, and a no better lawyer than he was before, a result often seen. The Cincinnati newspapers give some account of the doings of Hosieer in the West, and we have no doubt that he figured more extensively there in the character of a swindler than is known even to the reporters of the Queen City. About his former marriage it is stated that he passed himself off as the son of Robert Hoses, a western merchant, and stated that his father wanted him to marry a Cincinnati lady [illegible] he did not fancy, and for that reason he desired the marriage to be kept a secret. This was believed, and the knot was tied. After a short honeymoon, he disappeared and then the lady accompanied by her father waited upon R. Hoses to inquire after the son. From him they learned that they had been deceived and returned to their home sadder and, it is hoped, wiser people. The new term of the Quarter Sessions was commenced on Monday, Judge Brewster on the Bench. Hosieer will be tried the first or second week.

AFTER BROTHER BOWERS AGAIN.

"Cracksmen" won't let Brother Bowers alone, not they, but it is not because they love the good natured Lieutenant less, only that they love "de monish" more; and his District affords a strong temptation to go in too strong for it to be resisted. The drug store of Geo. D. Wetherill & Co., on Front street, near Arch, was broken into the other night by some fellows who are evidently no green hands at the business. Iron shutters, fastened with an iron bar and having a fastening also at the bottom of the shutters, were forced open, then the bolt of the lock in the fire proof vault was driven back and an entrance effected. Inside the vault was a small fire proof safe which they cut, and forced their way into and obtained about $80 in greenbacks. A thousand dollar bond in an envelope was overlooked by the thieves. Nothing was known of the robbery until the following morning, when the porter opened the store. Then the books and papers were found scattered about, showing a thorough examination, to secure plunder.

Jew Harry is supposed to have been concerned in this "crack," and there is little doubt of it, but can it be proven? is the question.

WHAT THE MAYOR THINKS OF THE DETECTIVE POLICE.

At length the Mayor has informed the public exactly what he thinks of the detective police. Heretofore it has been a matter of some doubt whether even the head of the police department had not some misgivings as to the efficiency of the detective force, but it can no longer be so. He has given it forth to the people over his own signature, that it is all it should be. Here are his own words:

"And upon this subject I desire to state that, having entered upon the duties of my office with many doubts as to the efficacy of the detective system, and with strong prejudices as to the manner of its execution, I have observed its workings as closely as my opportunities would permit, and I am now satisfied that it is a most valuable agency in preventing, discovering and punishing crime, and that the clamor which is occasionally raised against those who compose the detective force in this city is the result of misapprehension or misrepresentation."

It will be observed that there's one phrase in the quoted paragraph which leaves the Mayor an opportunity to back out of this high commendation should he at a future time find it necessary to do so, and it is this—*as closely as my opportunities would permit*. This would seem to imply that his Honor has not had opportunities to look at its workings as closely as might have been done, but the record book, always, of course, accessible to him, and the magistrate's docket within reach, he might have satisfied himself on two important heads, the number of depredations, and the number of arrests made. Did he avail himself of these important helps? Of course not. It is proper, however, that the public should know something in regard to both, and I propose to supply what the Mayor has omitted. Let me consider, first, the murders of the year. What did the detectives do in these? Berger, who murdered Miss Watt, at Germanton, was arrested by a police sergeant of the 22d Ward; Probst, who murdered the Dearing family, was captured by two of the Ninth Ward officers; Williams, who murdered Mrs. Miller, was arrested by one of Lieut. White's subordinates, after he had been pointed out by a citizen who knew him. The murderers and robbers at the "White Dental Depot" are yet at large, and, so far as is known, all effort to arrest them ceased upon the discharge of Donnelly for the want of identification. Here was a case calling for the exercise of the highest detective skill, one that the French detective would have went to work at with the nicest judgment, based on reflection and experience, and would have wrought out every conceivable hypothesis before he abandoned the pursuit. What was done here? A professional thief was arrested, one who had operated in a peculiar way, and he was confronted with the hardware dealer, who sold a chisel, which was found on the premises. That dealer could not identify him, he was of course discharged, and there the matter rested. But going from murders to store robberies, let me ask the Mayor, how many of those concerned in the almost numberless robberies of the year were brought to justice by his detectives? Yes, Mr. Mayor, how many? Perhaps you will recall the arrest of Mason and Roberts, (Pretty George,) for the Hess, the Day and other robberies. I am aware that some of our newspapers published exploits in which Smith and Taggart were made to exhibit the most wonderful foresight and ability, equal, in fact, to that ever displayed by Vidocq or any other man. Yet, when it is known that Haslam, the accomplice of the "screwsmen," went to the Mayor's office and opened up the whole thing, out of a feeling of revenge—told where the offenders were to be found, where the goods were concealed, and disclosed every fact and circumstance—it will be admitted that the detectives deserve, not credit, but censure, for not having long before brought the offenders to justice, Haslam along with them. These notorious offenders came to Philadelphia, robbed store after store, carried the goods to New York, sold the most of them there, and not the slightest knowledge of the men seems to have been obtained by any detective officer until Haslam opened his lips. And that is the only case, of the numerous store depredations in 1866, in which the detective officers aided in bringing the offenders to justice.

The Mayor says that they recovered a large amount of stolen property indeed. Recovered stolen property and did not arrest the thieves. That is just what the public have a right to complain of. It is the very thing that implies either corruption or inefficiency. Suppose the detective officers who recovered the Cochran bonds, after the offer of a thousand dollars reward, had arrested the thieves and put them away, does not your Honor think it would have been more to their credit? Did you ever reflect upon it, that those bonds must have come from the thief or thieves, and that the reward must have been shared with him or the "go-between?" What other conclusion can be arrived at? Such a course, if continued, so far from *preventing crime* (you seem to think the detective force has been an agent of good in that respect,) is the very thing to encourage its commission. For if a rogue can steal enough to enable him to compromise with the detective officers, he is entirely safe in going on, and the more robberies he commits in the course of the year the larger, of course, will be his gains. But again, much of the property recovered comes through pawnbrokers. As soon as I have time I will endeavor to give the number of heavy robberies last year with the amount of property stolen, and leave the matter for the judgment of the public.

VIDOCQ.

MURDER OF INFANTS.

Dr. DUBOIS alias THIERS, THE ABORTIONIST

The Wailings of His Victims.

A GLANCE AT HIS SECRETS.

The Frightful Extent of his Practice.

The case of the so-called Doctor Dubois alias Thiers, which was alluded to in the last number of the NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE, presents to the public a course of the most vicious criminality. There cannot, perhaps, be anything more horrifying than this deliberate murder of infants, and from the fact that this *soi disant* doctor has for a very long time been doing a wholesale business of this kind—having patrons as far away as the State of Georgia—we cannot be surprised at the outburst of popular indignation which has followed the apprehension of his co-operator, "Madame Dubois" alias Armstrong, and himself. A fiend in human form, who ekes out a miserable existence and profits pecuniarily by wholesale murder, which he calls acts of sympathy and relief to distressed females, for which, however, he makes ample provision to charge exorbitantly, and should be compelled to suffer the most extreme penalty of the law. But we remember, with a feeling almost akin to shame, the cases of Cobel, Brown and other notorious abortionists, some of whom, after having served a year or two at Sing Sing for the murder of a score or so of infants, are now practicing their diabolical machinations with impunity, and we abandon all idea of ever witnessing the infliction of any very rigorous punishment upon this hoary-headed murderer, Dubois. We can but judge by the action of the courts gone by, and draw our inference therefrom of what will be the action of the courts in this case. Some years ago, a young man who perpetrated highway robbery upon a citizen and got about two shillings for his trouble, was sent to the State Prison for a period of forty years. So far so good. But we remember distinctly, that when Dr. Cobel the abortionist, who is known from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and from Maine to Texas, in connection with deeds of atrocity horrible to contemplate, was arraigned before the same court to answer for the murder of innocents, he was sent to the State Prison for a term considerably less than five years. What will be the disposition of his "co-laborer" Dubois, time will alone reveal.

Our readers will remember that we published a brief account of the crimes with which this Davis, alias Thiers, was charged, which were to the effect that he caused the death of Mrs. Mary E. Noble, of No. 54 Dominick street, by means of an abortion committed upon her, at No. 627 Third avenue, and that at the house of Dr. Dubois, when the arrest was made, four patients were found confined in the sick ward who had been operated upon. One of these girls, named Maria Jones, has since testified to that fact before Justice Hogan. Hundreds of letters that the Doctor had received from persons in all parts of the country who desired his advice, were taken possession of by the Coroner.

ANOTHER CHARGE AGAINST DUBOIS.

Miss Jones, who is evidently a lady of the higher walks of life and possesses a very fine education, has, since the arrest of Dubois, made an affidavit, of which the following is a copy:

Maria Jones, of the House of Detention, being duly sworn, doth depose and say, that on Saturday, the 23d of March, 1867, at the premises No. 627 Third avenue, in said city, William F. Thiers did, with and by means of certain instruments, perform an operation on the person of deponent, with the intent and for the purpose of producing a miscarriage, deponent at the time of the performance of said operation, being pregnant with child, and the performance of said operation not being necessary to preserve deponent's life.

MARY JONES.

Sworn before me this 29th day of March, 1867, R. HOGAN, Police Justice.

Thiers, alias Dubois, was arraigned upon this complaint. He stated that he was not yet ready to go on with an examination. Justice Hogan thereupon committed him to prison to await an investigation.

THE INQUEST.

On Saturday last Coroner Wildey proceeded with his deputy, Dr. Wooster Beach, Jr., to the House of Detention, and there held an inquest upon the body of an infant of three months. The young woman—Maria Jones—was very closely examined. She testified that she came from New Jersey to this city in company of a male friend, the father of her child, he having seen the advertisement of Dr. Thiers, alias Dubois, in a newspaper, and having made arrangements with the accused for the reception and treatment of the witness; witness first went to the residence of the accused on the 20th inst., with her friend, who asked for Dr. Thiers, but, as the doctor was absent at the time, she was shown to a room on the third floor by the wife of the accused; the accused soon returned, and after examining the patient, she left, and did not return until the following day, when she took up her quarters in the house of the accused. On Saturday the accused performed an operation upon her with an instrument; at intervals on Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, the witness had pains through her body, and on Friday the child was born. The witness was positive that Dr. Thiers was the man who performed the operation upon her. Much of the testimony given by the witness was utterly unfit for publication.

Police-Surgeon Hiram A. Pooler testified that she had been called to the House of Detention to see the previous witness at an early hour on Friday, and was informed by her that she had been operated upon by Dr. Thiers; he left directions with regard to her treatment, and on returning some hours later, found that she had been delivered of a fœtus containing a male infant three months old; the doctor was of the opinion that death was caused by an abortion produced by the use of instruments.

The case was then given to the Coroner's jury, and that body rendered a verdict to the effect that the said male child came to his death by the effect of an abortion produced by Dr. Thiers, the prisoner, on Maria Jones, on the 23d day of March, 1867. On the rendition of this verdict the Coroner committed the accused to the Tombs, to await the action of the Grand Jury.

DR. DUBOIS DIARY.

When at the house of Dubois, Coroner Wildey seized several important papers, among which was a private diary, in which were entered the cases coming to his notice. A sample of these will show the reader how he conducts business. The entries were made as follows:

S. S., of Williamsburgh, says what she expects electricity would do. She adds that her health is poor, and she has lost two children because she had to wean them too soon. After going into details necessary to an understanding of the case, she asks the terms. The Doctor, who evidently has a private secretary to write answers, endorses the terms on the back of the letter, "from twenty-five to fifty dollars, and no danger."

W., of White Plains, says the Doctor must think her long silence strange, but sickness was the cause of it. She will soon be in the city to settle up the bill, and require another shake of his galvanic battery.

L., of Macon, Ga., requests the latest private letter of advice sent by mail. Would like to know if it is absolutely necessary to go all the way to New York to be treated.

J., of South Second Street, Jersey City, says she has been married six months, and is despondent at the idea of never being a mother. She asks advice on that subject.

Miss ——, of Rahway, is apprehensive that her condition is far from being interesting, to her, at least, and comes to him as she would to a father, for advice. Will pay liberally for it.

AN AGENT.

A clairvoyant of New Haven writes for his letter of advice. She says that she has many visitors who call upon her, and many make the pretence of consulting her on the future, or about stolen property, when the fact is the cause of the visit is to consult on the *past*, and what is best to be done under the circumstances. She can do very little herself, except in ordinary cases. As she thinks she could throw a deal of business in his way, she would like to know his charges, and the per-centage she would receive for the business she sent him.

THE DOCTOR'S RECEIPTS.

In the Doctor's cash book were found entries of the receipts, during the month of August. He done a very good business, as will be seen from the following, which we give as a sample:

Poor Woman, $20: "Papa's" Daughter, $70: Mother with daughter (their case), $5; Avenue C., $48; Jamestown, $5; Tall Lady, $25. Mrs. E., Brooklyn, $100; for a Doctor out door, $35; Astoria, $5; Mrs. E., (on account), $30: Do., (paid balance), $25; Miss —— paid and left, $20.

This month's account-book is very suggestive. A poor woman is charged the moderate sum of $20 for a shock from the Doctor's galvanic battery; and a father, who had great fears of his daughter's health, gives $70. The Tall Lady is again mulcted in $25, and a Mrs. E., of Brooklyn, comes down to the tune of $100; then the same Mrs. E., undoubtedly, gives $30 more; then, two days after, $25; making in all, in one month, $155.

Dr. Dubois, and his wife or woman, are now in the Tombs, awaiting an investigation. Dubois is a native of New Orleans, aged 46 years, resided at No. 627 Third avenue, and is by occupation a physician. He claims to be innocent of the charges preferred against him.

A Base Highway Robbery.

A LADY GAROTTED IN BROOKLYN.

The Robbers take her Purse, Gown, and other Articles.

A HELL BENEATH A HELL.

There was a time when even a *chevalier d'industrie* would protect a woman, and defend her honor with his life. It was once a rule among thieves that they were honorable to one another. But even in thiefdom there is a terrible degeneracy, and there is now a class of ruffians in that "profession" which indicate a lower hell. The highwayman used seldom to attack a woman. That is now all changed, and helpless and unprotected womanhood appears to be fair game for the debased wretches of the present day, especially in Brooklyn. If these scoundrels had the slightest spark of manhood left—and there is a certain kind of that quality still lingering in the bosom of a robber, he would not make a woman the victim of his operations. He might have then "one virtue amid a thousand crimes." If, however, anything could brand the thief as unworthy of mercy here or hereafter, it is when he attacks and robs a woman on the highway.

We have a marked instance of this unmanly, brutal crime, committed in Brooklyn last week. The following are the details of this infamous outrage. It appears that at the time in question, Mrs. Mary Thompson, residing in Bergen street, between Casson and Tompkins avenues, left a Myrtle avenue car at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Lawrence street, for the purpose of proceeding over to Fulton avenue, and taking a car on that thoroughfare. On arriving at Willoughby street, one block from either avenue, she was met by three men. One of them seized her by the throat, and threatened to blow her brains out if she made any noise. His two companions then forcibly abstracted from the bosom of her dress a pocket book containing $140, and also deprived her of a new dress and a pair of gaiters, which she had purchased in New York during the afternoon.

The ruffians having accomplished their work fled from the place, leaving their helpless victim fainting on the sidewalk. Mrs. Thompson was found in this condition a short time subsequently by several citizens who happened to be passing and conveyed to her home in charge of officer Coddington, of the Forty-first precinct. By this time the unfortunate lady had recovered, but was unable to furnish any description of the guilty parties in consequence of the darkness prevailing and the suddenness of the attack. Fortunately she did not sustain any personal injury of a serious nature, and is a sufferer only in a pecuniary point of view. The locality of the outrage is one frequented by pedestrians at almost every hour of the day and evening; but no one, it appears, was aware of this ruffianly affair until after it was accomplished and the scoundrels had escaped.

Horrible Murder in Pennsylvania.

David Sproul resided in Washington county, two miles from McDonald's station, on the Pan Handle railroad, which is about fourteen miles from Pittsburgh. Mr. Sproul and his unmarried sister, about 50 years of age, occupied the house, which is half a mile from any other habitation. On Monday night last about 8 o'clock, three men, one of whom had his face blackened, knocked at the door of Mr. Sproul's house and inquired the way to the Hempfield station. They were answered by Mr. Sproul, who went to the door for the purpose of pointing out to them the direction to the railroad. As soon as he reached the door he was seized by two of the men, who dragged him into the kitchen and there brutally murdered him. The body was mangled in the most horrible manner. His throat was cut from ear to ear, his head cut across the forehead, the knife run through both cheeks, opening his mouth nearly the full extent of his jaws, and was stabbed below the eye, back of the ear, and on the top of the head.

Simultaneously with seizing Mr. Sproul at the door, the man who had his face blackened rushed in, and catching hold of Miss Sproul dragged her up to the garret, where he threw her on the bed and tied her firmly with a rope, swearing at the same time if she made any outcry he would murder her. The man in the kitchen halloed to the man with the blackened face, whom they called "California John," to kill her, but finding that she was securely fastened to the bed they did not harm her.

The villains then proceeded to ransack the house, as their purpose seemed to be to get money. They searched the garret and found a box secreted, which they broke open. They took from the box all the money in it—$116 and two silver watches. There was also in the box notes to the amount of over $25,000, but being of no use to them they left them strewn upon the floor. The wretches having secured all the money in the house then fled, leaving Miss Sproul tied to the bed.

She remained in that position until 2 o'clock the next afternoon, when a neighbor who had come to the house to get some milk, heard her screams and released her. Upon being released, she was so prostrated she could hardly stand.

Some little clue to the murderers has been obtained. A reward of $1000 for their apprehension has been offered by the relatives of the deceased.—Miss Sproul thinks that she can recognize the murderers. She says the man with the blackened face could not have been a stranger in that locality, as he seemed to know all about the house. About two weeks since Mr. Sproul had $2,000 in money at home, which he wished to loan at interest, and the murderers probably learning this, went to his house on Monday night with the expectation of getting the sum. The deceased, however, had loaned the money to his brother a few days since.

James Clay Potts, the Express Robber.

We would call public attention to the likeness on our first page of James Clay Potts, who absconded from West Point, Mississippi, taking with him money and valuables, in the amount of about $20,000. For the information of the general reader we would state, that this *distingue* operator is about five feet seven or eight inches in height, has short, dark hair, with a slight curl, dark eyes, which shows a cast when speaking; has a small, black moustache, and is abrupt in tone and speech. He hails from Northern Virginia, near Grafton of that State. When he absconded, he was acting as messenger of the Southern Express Company. He has been reported as arrested, though we may state that the aforesaid company have offered a reward of $2,500 for his arrest and the recovery of the money or a proportionate amount for the robber's apprehension, or any part of the money.

"DODGER'S" EXPOSITIONS.

MOVEMENTS OF THIEVES.—Notwithstanding all the reports of the "fly cops" to the contrary, car and stage "buzzing" is on the increase, as any one would admit that was at all posted as to the doings of the "clyfakers." Among the lines of cars "worked" by these *chevaliers d'industrie*, the Fourth Avenue one stands pre-eminent on account of the facilities afforded them as alleged by "guns," by some of the conductors of that route who "rake in" with the "knucks" whenever the "bag is pulled off." This is no secret among the "guns," for they openly boast of it to other members of the fraternity in their favorite "lushing kens." The Bleecker street and Fulton Ferry cars is another favorite line of the "buzzers," especially in the evening, when the Brooklynites and others are making their way to some of the places of amusement in this city, but none of the well-known "dips" can "graft" on this line with impunity, as the "fly-cops," Hays and Hagerty, keep their "lamps" open and generally spoil their little game. The former of these is well acquainted with the majority of "gonnoffs" that hail from the City of Thieves, as he belongs to Brooklyn himself; so they invariably give him a wide berth whenever they are on the "wiring lay," and thus save themselves from being "run in" and "jacketted." Prominent among the "cross" fraternity who are out daily on the car "lay," are Tommy Ryan, Denny the Kid, Johnny Dunn, Tommy Petit, Jack Costello, Mike McShane, Bill Atkins, Frenchy, Paddy Farrel, Tom Kelly, Jack McGuire, Dusty Bob, Liz. Farrel, Poll Byrnes, Nell Vantoon, Rosa Valentine and Julia Benjamin. Some of these are making out good, and some are not; but anyhow, taking the big "stakes" with the small ones, the property stolen during the year must amount to something considerable, and this evil should be put down as speedily as possible.

Old Bill Yates, the renowned "jug worker" has at last (so he says) "tied up "gonnoffing" and taken to the "lush" business in the City of Churches. The reason of this was because he and his old "pals" had a general "split out" a short time back over some "weeding" arrangement among them, in which old Bill was blamed the most, so he quitted them in disgust and now keeps one of the best fitted up "booze cribs" in Brooklyn. It is situated in Hicks street, and only a short distance from the Fulton ferry. So it is quite convenient for any of the "knucking" fraternity to "sluice their gobs" at, either in going or returning across the ditch, but I don't think that many of the "gonnoffs" patronize him just now on account of the name he bears for not "raking" fair with the men he "worked" with.

Fred Sturge, who formerly kept a "gonnoff's lush drum" in Bleeker street, which was the resort of all the A 1 "guns," especially the Hinglish crowd, now "hangs" out at 636 Broadway. His present "crib" is a dive under Wittey's carriage depot, and judging from the hangers-on that frequent the place I should say his chief patrons are "crossmen" and "spielers." There used to be a keno arrangement carried on there, but Fred fearing that the "cops" would overhaul the ranche, "shut pan" on it for a season, but no doubt it will soon be revived again. Then the "flats" who are "roped in" there will have to stand from under, or I am no prophet.

George Leese, (Snatchem) after swindling all the folks he possibly could in "Gonnoffstown," thought it advisable to change his quarters, and so removed to Jersey City, where he now likewise keeps a "dive" on Montgomery street, just above Warren. I dropped in there a few days back, on purpose to see what kind of an establishment it was, and who of the "guns" were around; but after having a good "pipe" at the "drum," I soon saw that it was of the meanest class, and more fit for the Points than anywhere else I know of. During my stay, which lasted over an hour, not a "gonnoff" or any one else did I see come into the place, though I hear the "clyfakers" patronize it when they are "working" the "goaways" in Jersey City, and likewise that it is their headquarters on Sunday; but how they can make out to swallow his Jersey lightning is a mystery to me.

Apropos of "gonnoffs' lush drums" of the present time, none in this city can compare to Pete Tracey's "crib," in the Bowery, for it takes them all down by chalks. I often make a call there, and invariably find a conglomoration of "gonnoffs" of all grades, from the "till tapper" up to the first class "knuck." Mixed up with them are "fly cops" and "ex-fly cops," "spielers," "pimps," "buffers," sports, and politicians, who spend their ill-gotten "sugar," as though they possessed Fortunatus's purse, for Pete knows how to charge for his fire-water and smokes. Brandy 50 cents a nip, and segars 40 cents each, will soon make a hole in a pile; and yet these are the articles mostly called for. In fact, some of the habitues are so extravagant that nothing under 34 brandy, which is one dollar per pony, will suit their vitiated palates; and while on this subject, I will relate a circumstance that occurred there a few days back. Mo. Solomons, the Chicago "knuck," was in the "crib," blowing around of a "big trick" he had lately taken, when some of the hangers on suggested that he was in a position to call for the "lush." Of course he was. "Take your pleasure, gentlemen," said the "sheeny;" and they did, too, with a vengeance, for when Mo. handed the barkeeper a two dollar bill to pay the reckoning with, that dispenser of gin remarked that he wanted nine dollars more, as there were eleven drank, and the drinks were a "case" each. Mo. got furious at this d—d extortion, as he called it, but had to shell out, amid the jeers of the "gonnoffs" who had "lushed" with him, and when he left, swore, might he be blind, stiff, and lame, if ever Pete Tracey had another red of the "sugar" that he "guuned" for.

The case of Mary Ann Wheeler is one that interests lawyers as well as thieves, "mouthpieces" as well as "guns." Mary Ann is an inveterate "hoister," and some time ago, on her plea of guilty of petty larceny, when she was guilty of grand, instead of being sent to Sing Sing, she was consigned to the Penitentiary for six months, perhaps a year, I forget which, but that is a matter of no consequence. She went there and served half of her time, and while there was of course under a commitment. That commitment supposes the person in custody to be under lock and key, and the keeper is the custodian. I hold this to be the law:

First—It is a felony for a felon to break jail, or even to make the attempt. But I hold it to be no felony for a prisoner to walk out of jail if the doors are open. There is in this case no breaking out, merely a walking out of prison.

Second—I hold that a keeper who gets the commitment of a felon is bound to hold that felon, and keep him until the time expires, and unless there is a breaking out, he is responsible, but if there is a walking off, without the breaking, as in the case of Mary Ann Wheeler, who, for sundry reasons, was permitted to be the "walking lady" of Blackwell's Island, and walked on board of the boat when it touched the dock, then I say if she had been arrested, as in this case, after her time was finished, I hold that it was finished. The keepers had the commitment; they should have had the body. She did not break prison; hence she was presumed to be in it, and the keepers were responsible for her production.

These are the propositions that I lay down, and I am sorry that they have caused the case to be placed on the calendar. He knew that Mary Ann had not "broke jail;" he knew that she could not be held on *that* charge; hence she might by accident be discharged. Before the hour of the hearing of the *habeas corpus* case came off she was arraigned on the last charge of shop-lifting, when she pleaded guilty, and was remanded. The incidents in this highly interesting drama occurred chiefly on Monday last.

BILLY TRACY did go up to Troy on that diamond robbery, but his friends, to prevent him "squealing" on them, "soaped" the boys; hence he is now back in the city. For further information inquire at Jefferson Market. Don't go to a fish-stall, by any means. In the meantime it must be observed that there are very few robberies on the Madisona venue stages.

POLL LEONARD.—Caroty Poll deserves great credit. She put the "soap" up to get her "pals," Kate Scanlon and Mrs. Cligh down on a *habeas*, but it was no go. They had to go back again.

MARY HYMAN, the sister of Levy, Mose Ehricks' right hand bower, as was predicted last week, forfeited her bail on Monday. Where are ye now, ye Hawkshaws, that are on the beat.

DETECTIVES.—There is a glorious fight going on now between the thieves and the detectives, but as you and your reporters know all about it, I leave the matter with you. The GAZETTE, I must say, was the cause of it. While on this subject, let me ask why did The. Allen assign that property over to his mother and thus become his mother's pensioner? Was it in anticipation of this great fight that he and his brothers intend to make with the detectives?

DODGER.

The Adams Express Robbers—Another Attempted Escape.

Mort Allen and his "pal," Johnny O'Grady, seem determined to make their escape from the Connecticut prison, in which they were lodged to answer the charge of robbing the Adams Express Company. Our readers will remember that Allen and O'Grady succeeded in escaping from the Danbury jail, through very material aid from their "molls," who assumed the position of prisoners, and attracted the attention of the jailer, while Allen and O'Grady were placing miles between themselves and Connecticut. The women were held as accomplices, but subsequently discharged on bail. Meanwhile Allen and O'Grady reached New York. Policemen were placed on their track, and they were arrested. A short time thereafter a sheriff from Danbury arrived in this city, and after having proved his identity, took charge of the prisoners, and conveyed them again to Danbury jail. A close *surveillance* was placed over them, to prevent another escape, notwithstanding the fact that they promised to make no further attempts. But their assertions were made only with a view of winning the conf-

dence of their custodians, that they might operate with more flattering prospects of success.

To render the place of their confinement more secure, and to provide against the preadventure of an escape, the authorities of Connecticut transferred the prisoners from Danbury to Bridgeport, where they were incarcerated to await their arraignment for trial. But Allen and O'Grady conspired to try their united efforts on the prison, and escape, if possible. Accordingly, last week they made a most daring attempt to liberate themselves. By some means not made known—though it is strongly suspected that their "mells" aided them—they produced a log of timber and a jackscrew, with which they were operating when caught. When the authorities had made the discovery, they had succeeded in starting one portion of the wall, and a few moments more would have made them freemen again. A log of timber and a jackscrew are tools of considerable size, and Sheriff Beckley, of Fairfield county, confessed himself utterly at a loss to know who conveyed them into the jail. Annie Marsden and Mary McGloin, two of the women alleged to have aided in the escape of the prisoners from Danbury jail, are still in prison at Bridgeport, awaiting trial. Mrs. Martin Allen, the other woman charged with this offence is out on bail, and will be tried with the others.

The prisoners will now doubtlessly be placed in quarters, and provided with "companions" that will render escape utterly impossible. Still the Connecticut authorities would do well to have an eye upon these fellows; they are desperate, and will leave no sto unturned whereby escape may be effected.

THE KIMBALL ABORTION INQUIRY.

TESTIMONY FOR THE PROSECUTION.

CORONER GAMBLE CHARGED WITH MALFEASANCE.

TWO WITNESSES TESTIFY THAT HE HELD NO INQUEST.

Ex-Recorder Smith's Eulogy on Dr. Beakley's Character.

ASSISTANT DISTRICT ATTORNEY BEDFORD PREPARED TO MEET HIM ON THAT POINT.

The Doctor held in $10,000.

A Most Interesting Case.

Last week w Save an account of the Kimball abortion case, a sketch of the details of the Coroner's inquest held on the body of Mrs. Kimball at Providence, R. I., the verdict of the jury that death was the result of injuries to the uterus caused by an operation for the purpose of producing an abortion, together with the proceedings before Judge Dowling, at the Tombs, up to the hour of our going to press. So far as the inquiry had proceeded before the magistrate, the body of Mrs. Kimball, on which the Providence inquest was held, was shown to be that of the lady who died at the Irving House, on the 29th of January last, who was attended by Dr. Beakley and and Mrs. Nancy Cole; that the chambermaid had been denied admittance to Mrs. K.'s room on two different occasions, and that blood was discovered on the matrass of the bed occupied by the deceased after the body had been removed; also that Mrs. Kimball appeared to be in good health when she came to the hotel on the 21st January.

THE INQUIRY BEFORE JUDGE DOWLING CONTINUED.

On Wednesday last week the inquiry was resumed before Judge Dowling, in the Special Sessions court room, which was crowded by persons attracted by curiosity, the friends of the parties, and a number of medical gentlemen. Dr. Bedford, the eminent physician and obstetrician, sat by his son, the Assistant District Attorney, who appeared for the people, and manifested a deep interest in the proceedings.

The principal witnesses examined for the people the previous day were cross-examined by ex-Recorder Smith, the senior counsel for the accused; among others—

Dr. George E. Mason, who made the *post mortem* examination for the Providence inquest. He said he had practised medicine for two years; had been connected with an hospital previously; the body had not decomposed at all; decomposition did not set in after death; he found three different punctures made in the wall of the uterus; in his opinion the injuries sustained by Mrs. Kimball were sufficient to cause death; the operation seemed to have been performed in a bungling manner; a skilful physician would not be likely to have made so many punctures.

Dr. Dalton, of the Board of Health, detailed his connection with the case. When he first received news of the result of the investigation at Providence, he visited Dr. Beakley, and on requesting his attendance at the office of the Board of Health on important business, Dr. Beakley came freely with him; it was there the accused was first brought before Judge Dowling.

THE BOARD OF HEALTH AND CORONER GAMBLE.

On cross-examination, he stated that Dr. Elijah Harris and Dr. Horatio Payne assisted him in the investigation. The first step taken in the matter was to look in the register for the medical death certificate, and was told there was none; he then asked for and received the Coroner's certificate. On the 8th of February he requested Dr. Harris to apply to the Coroner's office for the record of the inquisition, but it was not given. He requested Dr. Harris to communicate to the authorities at Providence the facts of the case. He next made inquiries through Mr. Payne in regard to the inquest, if any, said to have been held at the Irving House. After he learned of the inquest held at Providence, he and Dr. Harris called at the office to get to Coroner Gamble's office and see the record of the case. when Dr. Payne was shown some paper, but not the one he desired to see; after this the Coroner and Mr. Cole were arrested.

CORONER GAMBLE'S INQUISITION PAPERS—FORGED SIGNATURES OF A WITNESS AND A JUROR.

We stated last week that in consequence of an allegation made by Dr. Dalton on his affidavit, that Coroner Gamble held an inquest on Mrs. Kimball, while it was on the contrary alleged by Coroner Gamble that he had held such an inquest, we called at the Coroner's office to satisfy ourselves as to which statement was the true one. We were shown the inquisition paper, and found on the first page the usual printed form, with the blanks filled in; and on the blank pages what purported to be the testimony of Mrs. Cogshall, briefly detailing four her relations with Mrs. Kimball, Mrs. K.'s stay at the Irving House, her fall on the ice in Twelfth street on the 23d of January, her complaint of sickness in consequence, the calling in of Dr. Beakley, and Mrs. K.'s death. On the opposite page we found what purported to be Dr. Beakley's *sworn* testimony, which appeared to have been hastily passed upon, and little more than the testimony given by Mrs. Cogshall; and certifying that death was the result of congestion and inflammation of the bowels, accompanied by peritonitis, and indirectly induced by abortion. It struck us as curious at the time that Beakley's signature, and the verification which was purported to be his testimony was taken down, were one and the same hand, to which we called the attention of the Coroner's deputy, who admitted the fact, saying that the clerk did it. It was then suggested that if Beakley did not, however, then strike us that there was anything wrong in the matter, but when now, in connection with subsequent revelations, which we shall immediately come to, it may help to explain, if not thicken, other woods of still deeper and darker signification.

The inquisition papers contained the names of six jurors before whom, it was set forth, the inquest was held, together with their verdict, in accordance with Mrs. Cogshall's and Dr. Beakley's testimony. We, nevertheless, not suspecting anything wrong, went on the principle that such as to injure the position of his client, and that there was no evidence whatever to show that Dr. Beakley had directly or indirectly aided the act prompted the abortion. Counsel argued that the case be further dismissed.

Mr. Bedford strongly urged upon the facts just indersed, that the name of Dr. Beakley appeared on the inquisition, which signature he acknowledged, and yet upon that same document were the names of N. Wilson and Sarah Cogshall, which they denied as being theirs, and therefore opened the character of the whole.

Judge Dowling refused to dismiss the case.

MRS. COGGSHALL'S AFFIDAVIT—STRANGE DEVELOPMENTS.

We have referred to the affidavit made by Mrs. Coggshall before Judge Dowling. We should wish to give the document in full, containing, as it does, the strangest developments in connection with this case, but it is too long for our space. We give the leading points: It appears by this affidavit that the deceased, who was a cousin of Mrs. Coggeshall's, came in the month of January last, to live with her at 106 West Forty-seventh street, and remained with her until the month of January, when she, with Mrs. K. went to board to the Irving House, where, on the 21st of January, they engaged rooms. Next morning (24) Mrs. Kimball and Mrs. Coggshall went to Dr. Beakley's office, in West Twenty-fourth street. After waiting there for some time, the doctor, who had been out, came in. He appeared to know Mrs. K., for he said, "Why, Mrs. Kimball, how do you do?" Mrs. K., after some conversation, requested the doctor to call at the Irving House. Afterwards Mrs. K. asked what she was wanted down there for, when he replied that he had made some mistake in the certificate, and that she was wanted to identify as to Mrs. K.'s failing. She saw in the room Dr. B. and two other gentlemen, one of whom she took for the coroner, and the other was called doctor, and she told him what she knew about it. He wrote down what was said. Dr. Beakley and Mrs. Cogshall went to the Irving House, and there the next morning to testify in relation to Mrs. K. in regard to having her body removed. On Wednesday deponent went to the Irving House, and having met Dr. B., asked what she was wanted down there for, when he replied that he had made some mistake in the certificate, and that she was wanted down

DETROIT.

CRIMINAL MATTERS QUITE BRISK.

Nellie Ward alias Green, Still on the Rampage

SHE COURTS NOTORIETY AND GETS IT.

Prosecution of Chief of Police Borgman for False Imprisonment.

AMOURS OF A PIOUS COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.—"MURDER WILL OUT."

INFANTICIDE.

DETROIT, March 28, 1867.

Criminal matters in this city continue to be quite brisk, and not only furnish employment for the knights of the brass button and baton, but afford ample food for gossip in the social circle, besides giving the "locals" an opportunity of relieving the dull tedium of chronicling simple events by spicing their columns with highly colored sensational items under big display heads. Murder, suicides, larcenies and confidence operations, seasoned with an occasion crim. con., are becoming alarmingly frequent, and when served up in all their disgusting and horrible details, are keenly relished and seized upon with avidity by high and low, rich and poor; such is the perverted taste of the society of the present day.

AN ASPIRANT FOR NOTORIETY.

A young female of bad reputation, by the name of Nellie Ward alias Green, has figured considerably before the public recently, having attempted, upon one or two occasions, to terminate her miserable existence, but the effort each time appears to have been unsuccessful. Her first appearance before the public was but a few days ago, when she endeavored, like Katrina, to separate soul and body, by taking a "cup of cold pizen;" but either the cup was not large enough, or else she was very careful to make the dose so diminutive that it would not produce the desired result; at all events, it only had the effect to induce a rather severe stomach ache, from which she soon recovered. At that time she was the mistress of a young sprig in this city, having acted in that capacity for several other "friends" previously. Upon that occasion she left a note, of which the following is a copy:

DEAR T——Before you receive this note I shall be no more. Life, many say, is sweet; to me it has been full of bitterness and woe. I have long wished myself dead, and while, probably, I am not prepared to die, I think death is preferable to leading the life I have been leading. You know that since our acquaintance began I have loved you tenderly and devotedly. I could never expect to become your wife, but as it has been spoken of between us, I can now tell you with a pure heart, that had you desired such a thing, I would have conducted myself as an honorable woman, and never given you cause to regret our union. I have been what the world terms your mistress, but you will, after I shall be no more, give me credit for being true to you. I need not tell you, for you are already acquainted with the truth of it, that I have also been the mistress of —— and B——, of Ingham, Mr. ——, whom you have often met, and your friend, Mr.——; they have all deserted me, when tired of their sensual desires, probably for others of my kind. Lately you have shown a desire to do the same thing, and the thought has caused me insufferable anguish and pain. I respected, yes, loved some of those whose names I have mentioned, but now I cannot but feel the most bitter passions and hatred for their cruelty to me. When —— deserted me, I then, for the first time, sought to take my life, which was then too painful for me to endure. I did not succeed then, but I have taken every precaution to do so now. In my appearance, I think I have determined to carry out my original intentions.

O, forgive me, dear T——, as I hope to be forgiven. The mixture I have prepared is of a character to take me to "that undiscovered country, from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Farewell, dear T——, and when I am laid in the tomb, always think of me. Farewell. NELLIE.

This created considerable sympathy among sentimental young ladies, and readers of yellow covered literature, many actually believing that the poor girl had been the recent victim of the seducer's wiles, and that remorse and shame had led her to attempt the destruction of her own life. She was sent to hospital, where she was properly cared for until her recovery, and in the mean time the affair was forgotten; but the irrepressible Nellie was determined not to retire so soon into obscurity, and accordingly, upon her emerging from the hospital, she began again to talk suicide, and on Monday night went to the house of a nurse whose acquaintance she had made while in hospital, and desired to remain all night. The nurse, knowing the abandoned character of the woman, refused her shelter, whereupon Nellie waxed wroth and swore she would stay with or without permission. The nurse went for a policeman, but not being able to find one who would arrest her, went elsewhere to spend the night, leaving the obstreperous female in sole possession of the house. During the absence of the nurse, Nellie scribbled some ominous, suicidal words on the wall, repeating the assertion that she was "tired of life," &c. The next morning a report was current upon the streets that Nellie Ward had just attempted suicide, and several parties went to visit the house where she had spent the night. Of course the handwriting on the wall was sufficient to confirm the report, and Nellie's vanity was again gratified by a long sensational article in the evening papers, in which she figured as the heroine. We think it about time this erratic female ceased to occupy the attention of the public, and would suggest that she be permitted to occupy some reformatory institution where her idiosyncracies would recieve a wholesome check.

FALSE IMPRISONMENT.

A suit is on the tapis just now which is creating some comment, brought against Chief of Police Borgman, by a young girl named Maria J. Neary, for alleged false imprisonment. The complainant lived in the family of Thomas McGraw, and some time in September last, during the absence of the family, a quantity of jewelry was stolen, and as she was the only person in the house at the time, suspicion rested upon her as the thief, and she was arrested. Efforts were made to induce her to confess her knowledge of the missing property, but without avail, and she was subsequently taken before Police Justice Stoll and discharged. She now brings suit against the Chief of Police for false imprisonment, charging illtreatment on his part while she was in custody, and claims damages therefor. Those who know the defendant, and are conversant with the circumstances of the case, will not for a moment believe him guilty of the charges brought against him. During her incarceration she received the same treatment to which other prisoners were subjected, and, as we believe the result will show, this woman has no just cause of action against Mr. Borgman.

A BASTARDY CASE.

A young man named Albert Fisher, living in the town of Greenfield, was arrested on Monday last, on complaint of Sarah J. Hood, charging him with being the father of a bastard child now living. It appears that some three years ago the complainant gave birth to a pair of twins, one of which died soon after it came into the world. She then instituted a civil suit in the Circuit Court, through her father, for seduction, and obtained a verdict of $800 damages and costs. The defendant proceeded to obtaining a new trial, and the damages were reduced to $500. The case was taken to the Supreme Court, and the judgment in the Court below was sustained. The young man's body was taken on execution, but he settled the matter, and was at liberty. The mother now insists that he shall provide for the maintenance of the remaining child, and accordingly institutes a prosecution. The defendant was brought before a justice on Monday, and the case was adjourned for examination to the 16th of April.

AMOURS OF A CHURCH MEMBER.

The little town of Fremont, in the county of Shiawassee, is just now in a state of unusual excitement over the alleged discovery of certain little indiscretions on the part of a prominent member of the Methodist church, inconsistent with his professions as a Christian. It is alleged that within the past three years, an unmarried lady of that place has given birth to two children, both of which disappeared not long after they were born, and no questions were asked, as it was understood that the children had been amply provided for elsewhere. Everything went on smoothly until recently, when the nurse who took care of one, and who, it seems, resides in this city, paid a visit to the town aforesaid, in consequence of the stoppage of the weekly stipend which had been promised her by the pious gentleman before mentioned for the support of *his children*, he having represented to her that they were the fruits of a legitimate union. On her way thither she chanced to travel in company with two or three men who were acquainted with her patron, and of whom she made inquiries, stating the fact that she was acting in the capacity of nurse to his two children, at which they opened their eyes in astonishment, knowing him to be an unmarried man, and an apparently zealous, exemplary Christian.

Upon arriving at the place she visited the putative father, and received ample means with a promise that she should be further remunerated if she would keep perfectly silent upon the subject. She returned to this city, but in the course of a few days the affair leaked out, and the church ordered the delinquent brother to appear before that body that the case might be examined into. The result was that a committee of investigation was appointed, who came to this city yesterday in search of the nurse, and the reported evidences of their brother's guilt. What the result will be is uncertain; but if successful in establishing the facts as alleged, will furnish a precious tit-bit of gossip, and will be but another illustration of the too prevalent practice of putting on the livery of Heaven to serve the Devil in.

INFANTICIDE.

If every case of infanticide were brought to light, it would tell a tale of crime, corruption, immorality and sensuality of which very few have the least conception; it would make some most startling disclosures in regard to the inner life and domestic affairs in many a palace of the haughty, rich and proud. But wealth, position and the broad mantle of the church cover all defects, and shut out from the public gaze the hideousness, deformity and degradation of our modern society. A day or two since, in making an excavation on Jefferson avenue, not far from the abodes of aristocracy, the remains of an infant were discovered in a box, evidently having been buried there some six months. The body was in a nude state, and had probably, to all appearances, been placed there soon after birth. The Coroner held an inquest and a verdict of death by foul means rendered. Thus ends this affair, which, if it could be fully investigated, might bring shame and disgrace upon some who now move majestically in the proudest circles.

Memphis Correspondence.

MEMPHIS, TENN., March 19, 1867.

An event has just transpired in our midst which has caused an excitement unparalleled. The chief actor in this seemingly unreal drama, which has in it a touch of the barbaric age, was a young man named Robert Ferguson, a late graduate of the Medical University of Philadelphia, and who bore a reputation for mildness and good behavior, and who was fast becoming recognised among his profession as a youth of great promise. The tale, which seems unreal, is briefly as follows: After Ferguson's return from Philadelphia, where he had prosecuted his studies in medicine with great diligence, and graduated with first honors, he became connected in business with one of our popular physicians, and was, to all appearances, advancing along the road to professional renown with rapid strides. But it seems that good fortune did not benefit him. He became reckless, and finally it was rumored among his many friends that he had become enamored with a young lady of great beauty, but depraved habits, and had neglected his business so that he could enjoy her charms. She had other suitors, among them a young man who was considered a warm friend to Ferguson. Their meetings were clandestine, but ere long Ferguson became aware of the false actions of the courtesan whom he loved. A coldness ensued between him and his false friend. One night they met in a drinking saloon, where desperate characters of every description assemble nightly, and debauch until the gray morning drives them forth to their pursuits of crime and degradation. The meeting resulted fatally to the false friend. Ferguson shot him and was immediately arrested, but through some peculiar *modus operandi* he was released on bonds. After his release he went to Nashville; but a love for the beautiful courtesan, and a desire to again mingle in the scenes that had fascinated him and dragged him from a position of honor and trust, caused him to return to Memphis. Fatal action! The spirits of vengeance were abroad. The woman who, by her beautiful person and educated wiles, had caused him to forget his duties to society and his profession, was gathering the meshes of death around him. She had loved the man whom Ferguson had so ruthlessly shot down, and the sight of his dead body had aroused in her pitiless heart all the passions of desperation and revenge. Slowly she wound the coil, and as she watched her victim her eyes would seem to rend his very heart. Her desire to fully mature her plans she seemingly descended lower into the pool of degradation, and as surely dragged with her the infatuated object of her hate. From a sumptuously furnished house of prostitution, called "Madame Lovejoy's," she became an inmate of the Olympic Theatre, on Second street, in the capacity of beer girl, and from thence to a low den on Washington street, the "Cotton Plant." There she cultivated the acquaintance of men who were noted for their desperation and villany. But in her train she brought many youths of good family whom, through good address and assiduous attention, she had ready to do her bidding. Ferguson saw that he was in danger from his many rivals, and insisted that they leave the California. She made some trivial excuse, remarking, "Come with me on a longer journey next week." She spoke truly, but little did she know that her coils were enveloping not only her intended victim, but herself. On the night of the 18th she consulted to put in execution her darling, but fiendish, project. Her complices—men of depraved natures—named Hammond, Yonker and Bowles, were instructed as to the time when Ferguson was to be assassinated. The courtesan made an appointment with Ferguson. True to his word, he came. An hour after midnight he was invited to a private apartment adjoining the saloon, where parties were in the habit of drinking wines, etc. Yonker entered, and was introduced by the woman. He ordered a bottle of wine. As Ferguson was lifting a glass of the sparkling beverage to his lips the courtesan, with the glitter of the snake in her eye, raised her glass, remarking, "Ferguson, this is the signal for your death," and as she drained the glass, Yonkers, with a gleaming bowie knife, made a lunge at the breast of Ferguson. His situation flashed across his mind at once, and the steel penetrated his left shoulder. With a quick bound he placed himself in a corner of the room, and drawing a navy-size1 pistol, he shot Yonker dead, just as the would-be assassin attempted to fire at him with a Derringer pistol. The courtesan, foiled in her designs, fired at Ferguson, who fell, covered with blood, in the corner where he stood at bay. Excited at the sight of blood, the woman continued her shots, wounding Ferguson in four places. She then rushed upon him with a knife, and just as its keen point touched his body he fired a fatal shot, and the graceful, fascinating and beautiful woman fell upon her once loved paramour a corpse. The cry of murder broke through the door and around the forms of those who had figured in this singular and dreadful strife. Before the fair woman, whose fiendish-like spirit had caused this dreadful havoc, could be lifted from the arms of Ferguson, he had died. Many looked on in awe and silence, and perhaps the scene in the room in that house of depravity may rest as a warning to the many debased people who visited its wicked walls. The faces of the dead man took a deeper look, and a smile could be seen that of surprise and determination. That night was dismal, and the elements seemed at war. It has created a peculiar sensation with our citizens, and, perhaps, it may be the means of clearing from our midst many undesirables, who had just fostered here during the war, and which now are flourishing in the midst of gilded tapistry, beautiful gas jets, and the gaudy paraphernalia of vice and debauchery.

WARRINGTON.

Blackmailing.

THE BABY DODGE TRIED ON A PROMINENT CITIZEN BY HIS FORMER MISTRESS—$20,000 CLAIMED ON ACCOUNT OF THE LITTLE DARLING.

About eighteen months since, the quiet, family-like circle of a genteel boarding house on Plum street, says a Cincinnati paper, was gladdened by the advent to it "all the comforts of a home," of a sweet, quiet lady, angelic in face, angelic in form, and amiability itself in disposition. The self-sacrificing mother-in-chief of this precious brood of boarding house chicks was made very happy by this delightful acquisition. The new-comer was modesty, propriety, gentility and beauty all combined. At the breakfast, dinner, or tea table, she was a model of perfect manners in words and actions. In the parlor, of an evening, she was always the centre of an admiring group of ladies and gentlemen, who at the same time envied and admired her distingue address, her perfect command of herself, and words, and above all, that consummate knowledge of the world that she occasionally allowed to peep out from behind her perfect modesty, as she did her sunny smile from behind her gracefully used fan. And the romance of a great unpicnness helped to enhance her charms and attractions. She had sacrificed the wealth of her beauty of mind and body, and of her virgin love, in all its freshness and purity, to one who had in every way deceived her. Her husband, a resident of the neighboring town of Lawrenceburg, had so ill-treated her that she was seeking for a divorce, and, pending the decision, was endeavoring to support herself by her own mental and physical exertions. Her efforts had been successful, and she had established herself in a millinery business on Central avenue, but was unsuccessful, and had sold out, and was then living on the small proceeds of the sale of her stock.

Five days in the week this estimable lady was an ever-present pattern to her admiring fellow-boarders. During Saturdays and Sundays she was not quite so much of a pattern. On those days she was always absent from the city, in Lawrenceburg, where she had business connected with her suit, she stated. It was noticed that she was always called for Friday evenings by a gentleman—her lawyer, it was supposed—in a hack. One evening, however, one of the gentlemen boarders of the house discovered in this supposed lawyer the person of a wealthy merchant of this city.

"Time rolled on," as usual. The gallant merchant left the city and went to Europe, and was gone many weeks—even months. During his absence, the divorced woman had unblushingly acknowledged to her horrified admirers, that, in the course of one her trips from the city, she had been married, and cursed with a baby, the perfect picture of his merchant father, who, alas, had no right in law, to be its father.

Time continued to roll on. The merchant returned to the city and became a husband. One day his former charmer called upon him at his place of business, bringing with her a small package of sturdy animal life, that chuckled and crowed, and held out its tiny hands very familiarly as its mother told her story, and the horrified merchant stared at the two. In gentle tones she gave to him the first news of his illegitimate son's birth—related to him the story of her shame and suffering, and informed him that $1,800 was necessary just at that moment. The $1,300 was paid over to her without any hesitation. As weeks and months passed on, she frequently needed $25 or $50—and she always obtained it.

Finally she concluded that matters ought to be finally arranged. Promising that his estimable wife would be very much horrified, and the business and social world of Cincinnati, mean scandalized at an exposure of the affair, she proceded to explain that $20,000 settled upon her and her son, would procure her silence forever and her signature to papers that would release him from any and all obligations as far as she was concerned. Mammoth drops of sweat oozed from the merchant's expansive brow, and he asked for time—a respite of a few days—in which to consider the case. The respite was granted, luckily for him. In the course of a couple of days, he was electrified with joy at accidentally obtaining a clue that led him to surmise that he was the victim of the old and often-played baby-dodge—that the putative paternity was all sham. He immediately placed the matter in the hands of a detective officer who soon "worked up the job," to his employer's satisfaction. The detective first made himself familiar with the woman's history for years past, and then with acquaintances of late years. One of those acquaintances—a married woman—had given birth to a boy-baby, just the age of that for which the modest sum of $20,000 had been claimed, and he soon ascertained that the model boarder of the Plum street boarding-house had simply borrowed this baby and palmed it off upon Mr. Merchant as the fruit of their love. We won't attempt to describe the joy of the victim to this affair. As we see him indulging occasionally in a faint smile at the St. Lawrence, he looks twenty years younger than he did a month since.

Domestic Infelicity.

We hear of a domestic difficulty, says a Rochester, (N.Y.,) paper, which occurred at Clyde, on Monday evening last—a difficulty which affords gossip to the villagers to their fill. A man, whose name we withhold, suspecting that his wife was unfaithful to her marriage vow, determined to test the question, and, if possible, obtain convincing proof before acting. He announced to his wife that he should be obliged to be absent from home for a day or two, and accordingly made preparations in her presence for leaving. He did not go out of the village, but waited until the middle of the night, when, with the aid of a night-key, he obtained entrance to his house unobserved and unheard by the inmates. Proceeding to his chamber, he discovered on the floor the garments of a man and the owner of them in bed with his wife. Not liking the prospect of ashes, he stripped the bed clothes from the guilty pair, and then confronted his wife's paramour with a revolver. The usurper trembled under the sight of the weapon, and made a full confession of his sins—imploring forgiveness. Instead of shooting, the husband, in not a very gentle manner, kicked the guilty ones from the house, and the first scene of this domestic drama was ended. The other scenes, usual in such cases, will follow, with slight intermissions, probably.

A California Tragedy.

A MAN KILLED BY A SCHOOL TEACHER—A SON AVENGES HIS MURDER.

The Stockton (Cal.) papers publish the following particulars of a horrible homicide which took place at Knight's Ferry, in that section, on Feb. 15. They say: A shooting affair was witnessed at Knight's Ferry on Friday forenoon, which terminated in the killing of two men, McGinnis and George F. Cheshire. Cheshire was a school teacher, and turned a daughter of McGinnis, aged 17 years, out of his school. For this, McGinnis sent the teacher word he would horsewhip him. On Friday forenoon McGinnis attacked Cheshire, when the teacher succeeded in getting him down two or three times, the last time telling McGinnis if he again attacked him he would shoot him. McGinnis again approached Cheshire, when the teacher shot four balls from a revolver into the body of McGinnis, killing him on the spot. This was in the presence of the school children. A son of McGinnis soon after shot the teacher. The ball entered the head of Cheshire, a little above the right ear, passing through the brain and striking the skull on the opposite side so as to make it bulge out. The ball then glanced down to the lower portion of the brain, the probe failing to reach it. Mose, the driver of the Sonora stage, when passing through Knight's Ferry on Friday, says Cheshire was still living, although of course with no chance for his recovery.

The Stockton *Independent* of February 19 gives another version of this affair, and says: It appears that McGinnis was killed at Knight's Ferry by Cheshire, a school teacher at that place, on Thursday evening last, instead of Friday forenoon, as formerly reported. Thornlow, late a Supervisor in this county, was present when the fatal deed was done, and gives the following account of the affair: A daughter of McGinnis, aged about seventeen years, was one of his scholars. There had been a disturbance between Cheshire and some of his male pupils. Miss McGinnis wrote a composition which annoyed the pupils and both were kept in after school. Cheshire ordered her not to read it. She persisted in reading it, when he took it away from her and turned her out of school. Upon this, McGinnis stated that he would go to the school house and the next time Cheshire whipped his daughter out of it. This was noised about among the scholars, so that, of course, Cheshire heard of it. On Thursday evening McGinnis was sitting in Major Lane's house, near the stove, when Cheshire entered. McGinnis asked him why he whipped his daughter out of school. Cheshire related the reason. McGinnis then said he must give him the composition. The teacher said he would not do that, but if he would step to Judge Stakes' office he would give him a copy of it. The two then started to get a copy. Being in the basement story, they went up the stairs to reach the sidewalk, the teacher ahead, and when he was near the top of the stairs, McGinnis, who was still going up, was heard to call him a "coward and a son of a b——" for thus treating his daughter. Upon reaching the top of the steps, Thornlow, who was tying his horse at the time, heard three pistol shots in quick succession. Upon turning he saw the two standing close together, and he thought McGinnis was not hit, as he raised his hands and caught the teacher by the lapels of the coat, when he dropped, his weight being over two hundred pounds, bringing the teacher down with him, so that Cheshire then went down upon his knees. At this moment, a son of McGinnis, aged about sixteen years, was seen running up the step s, and drawing a pistol, placed it close to the side of the head of Cheshire, saying, "you son of a b—, you have murdered my father," and fired, the ball entering the head. Young McGinnis would have fired again, so as to have blown off the upper part of the teacher's head, but the driver of the Sonora stage had knocked the pistol out of the hands of the son. Thornlow assisted to carry McGinnis into the house, when he gave a few gasps and expired. He was struck twice, one ball entering the pit of the stomach, the other a little below the nipple, supposed to have passed through the heart. McGinnis was unarmed at the time. The physician attending Cheshire says the chances are 99 to 100 that he will recover, and if he lives he will be insane or paralyzed.

An Octogenarian Sues for a Divorce.

There is now on file at the county clerk's office, says a St. Clemens, (Mich.,) paper, a bill for divorce, to be disposed of at the next term of the Circuit Court, in which the complainant is an old man of eighty-four years of age. Fifty years ago, the complainant came to this section, then a howling wilderness, where he has resided up to this time. He has been twice married, and is the father of seven children, all by his first wife. The complainant married his second wife seventeen years ago, since which time content and happiness, those essential virtues to an enduring married life, have entirely absented themselves from his household. In his bill of complaint, pictures scenes of infelicity in which "your orator" has suffered all the brutal indignities that a cruel, heartless woman could conjure up; shows how valuable estates have been squandered by extravagance and mismanagement, and concludes in the following pathetic terms: That he has been deprived, in the few remaining years of his life, of the society of his children, who have been driven from the paternal roof by the harsh treatment of a tyrannical stepmother; exposes traits of character only to be looked for in a veritable virago; and concludes to a legion of other grievances, which we have no inclination to mention. The parties are well known throughout this section, both being church members, and this peep behind the curtains, into the inharmonious workings of their domestic affairs, which, when viewed exteriorly, appear as placid as a summer lake, creates no little surprise and wonderment.

A Fearful Tragedy.

A correspondent of the Indianapolis *Journal* describes a frightful tragedy which he says occurred near Perrysville, Ind., a few days since. He owned his farm for $14,000, and went to Peru to deposit his money. He did not reach his destination until the banks were closed, and so stopped at a hotel until the next morning. He woke in the night with a strong presentiment that something had gone wrong with his family, and was with difficulty persuaded to return to bed by two of his neighbors who occupied the same room. In the course of half an hour he again woke, and persisted in going home. His friends accompanied him. On reaching his house he found the doors locked and heard a noise within. Looking through a window he saw his wife and his four children murdered. The perpetrators of the bloody deed were still in the house, ransacking every corner and receptacle for booty. The farmer and his friends forced an entrance, and attacked the murderous freebooters, four in number, shot three of them dead, and severely wounded the fourth. On being washed and stripped of disguise, the wounded man proved to be no other than the purchaser of the farm.

A Strange Divorce Case.

A PHYSICIAN SEDUCES HIS PATIENT—HE PROVES A DELINQUENT CHURCH DEACON.

In the English Court of Divorce and Probate, the case of Wood vs. Wood and Stanger came on for trial last month. This was a suit instituted by the husband for a dissolution of the marriage, on the ground of his wife's adultery with the co-respondent. He also craved damages. Both the respondent and co-respondent answered and denied the adultery. The case was tried in July last, when the hearing of it occupied the court several days, but the jury, after deliberating for the space of an hour, not being able to agree upon their verdict, no result was arrived at, and the case accordingly now came on for another hearing before a fresh jury.

It appeared that the petitioner, Mr. Wood, is an architect in Nottingham, and was married to the respondent, who was then a Miss Croft, daughter of a large lace manufacturer at Lenton, in May, 1857. The co-respondent, Mr. George Eaton Stanger, is a surgeon, in practice at Nottingham, and was stated to be one of the deacons of a congregational chapel there. He appeared to have been intimate with the parties, and was present at the wedding breakfast; while being the family medical man he attended the respondent in her first confinement in February, 1858. Shortly after the respondent's first confinement the petitioner found that she was getting into extravagant habits. Bills came in of which he had no knowledge, which indicated considerable extravagance on the part of his wife, and which led to frequent disputes and quarrels between them. He had also a suspicion that she had turned to drinking, and as to that he has abundant the co-respondent, as their medical attendant, who assured him that there was no ground whatever for his suspicions in that respect. Matters accordingly went on, the petitioner being often absent from home in the prosecution of his business and, in 1865, the servants in his employment communicated to him certain things respecting the frequent visits of Dr. Stanger to his house and to his wife during his absence, which induced him to address a note, requesting him to discontinue his visits to his house altogether. Meetings, however, seemed to have taken place between the respondent and co-respondent after that, while letters frequently passed between them. Very shortly after this the respondent ran away from her husband's house, and went to Derby, leaving behind her a note addressed to her husband, in which she admitted that she had deceived him many times, but that she was not guilty on the last occasion on which he had accused her of anything. She further went on to say: "I am leaving my home heartbroken, for my children's sake, to shut myself up abroad, when you can be tormented no more. Love your children." On this taking place, the petitioner made strict inquiries, and in the course of them it came to his knowledge for the first time, that the co-respondent had written a letter to his wife, the tenor and contents of which left no doubt that an improper intimacy had for some time been subsisting between them. Under these circumstances the proceedings of 1866 were commenced. The letters referred to was dated in July, 1863. It appeared that in that month the respondent went on a visit to Mr. Arthur Wood, a brother of the petitioner, and his wife, who resided at Devonport, and while there she received the letter in question from the co-respondent. The letter was as follows:

"My dearest Fanny,—Your welcome note came safely to hand this afternoon. I had been dreadfully disappointed the last two days, and if I had not received one to-day I should have been well nigh crazy. You say you live very proper at Devonport. Certainly your letter was proper enough. Were you afraid it should fall into other hands? You need not be afraid of that, I assure you. I am very glad to hear you are enjoying yourself so much, and I do sincerely hope you will be much benefitted by the change; but I cannot commend your late hours, but I suppose, under the circumstances, they are unavoidable. The time seems to pass away slowly whilst you are away. It is only one week to-day, and yet it seems an age, and I cannot bear to think how many more weeks you may yet remain. I am happy to give you a good account of your children. Marie is going on as well as possible, and there will not be any mark of the accident. Phil, too, and dear little Fanny are very well. Lydia is wicked as ever. She says she wants you back again. You know, darling, who also does; but I must not be selfish, and if you are happy and well you must stay as long as possible. Shall you stay in London on your return? I am not without the hope of meeting you there and spending a happy day with you. I don't like the thought of those horrid offices, but my pet will not forget her promise, will she? I am so sorry to hear that you still have those troublesome boils. I have sent you some plaster to apply to them. Will you write to me, darling, next Thursday, and then I shall get your note on Friday, when another dull and dreary week will have passed, and do tell me when you think you shall return. Pray don't disappoint me, and tell me whether it will be right for me to write to you again; and please destroy this, and don't leave it in any dress where it might be seen. And now, dearest, farewell. I long to see my pet once more, and shall count the hours till you return.

"Yours most devotedly, GEORGE."

This letter was inadvertently left by the respondent in her bed-room at Devonport, where it was afterwards found.

Evidence was then adduced in support of the petitioner's case, and several servants who were called, who had been in his employment, spoke as to the frequent visits of Dr. Stanger to the petitioner's house during his absence. When Dr. stanger came he generally saw the respondent in her bed-room. He would remain with her sometimes for two hours. He did so as early as 1859. In that year he was also seen kissing the respondent on the landing of the stairs. There was a dinner party in the house at the time, but there was no one near them. On some occasions when the respondent and co-respondent were in the dining-room together the door was found locked. On one occasion in 1859 Mr. and Mrs. Wood went out to dinner, but Mrs. Wood soon returned and told the servant that she had a headache and could not stay. After she came home she sent the servant for Dr. Stanger, who at once came to the house. On his doing so Mrs. Wood told the servant she might go out with the children for a walk. She accordingly did so, leaving Mrs. Wood and Dr. Stanger alone in the house. She was absent about two hours, and when she returned Doctor Stanger was still there.

A nursemaid, who was in the petitioner's service in 1862 and 1863, stated that on one occasion in the summer of the first-named year she was out with the children, and on her return one of them ran across the lawn in front of the house up to the dining-room window. She ran after him to fetch him back, and in the act of doing so looked in at the dining-room window, when she saw Mrs. Wood and Dr. Stanger on the sofa. On going to the door she met Dr. Stanger coming out. In the dining-room she found Mrs. Wood crying.

The petitioner's case was not finished at the rising of the court.

On Thursday the petitioner's case was resumed, when several witnesses were examined, but the case was again adjourned.

Two Hearts Made Happy.

A KENOSHA BANKER'S SON AND A LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER ELOPE—A MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

In Kenosha there is a banker, and that banker has a son, a youth that looks as all bankers' sons will do, learned to love. At least, so says a Milwaukee paper of the 25th inst. The object upon whom was entered his affection was a lovely young lady, the daughter of a landlord whose inn is a noted place of resort in the city of Kenosha known by heart. Not only did he not admire the young banker, but he had formed other projects for his daughter; he had promised her to some rich old man, and by means of money-bags groaned with the weight of their contents. The young banker was forbidden the house; the young lady was told she must see him she truly loved no more; and the favored suitor was welcomed with open arms and knocked down the pistol. It was in vain that the young man pleaded; it was in vain that his father urged his claims; it was in vain that the young lady fell upon her knees and prayed that her darling father would not break her heart—all in vain. The old gentleman's heart was as hard as a stone. He had determined that his daughter and wealth should marry, and nothing would change his mind. It seemed a cruel fate for the confiding, loving hearts; but what could they do but submit patiently, trusting to fate, and the young goddess which watches over such young hearts?

On Saturday the state of affairs had grown too serious. A secret meeting took place between the young lovers. It was then determined that love was worth a bold strike, and if paps could not be brought to his senses by prayers and exhortations, somebody might get hurt. Sunday night came, and when they were joined in holy bonds, the stern heart might relent. It was worth the trial at all events.

That night—last Saturday night—it was, the young lady might have been seen creeping slowly down the back stairs of her father's house, but he declined the discharge, asserting boldly that he should not leave until the door had closed between him and his charge. The front entrance was tried, but found to be bolted; the lady then went to a side door, and, without the slightest difficulty, opened it. Once outside. While she was disrobing herself inside in the room of her street apparel, he pushed the door open, and put in his head, determined to die in the last ditch in the effort to procure from her an acknowledgment of the probable return of his devouring passion. Just when his neck was favorable to the movement, the lady banged to the door, holding his luckless neck close between the door and the jamb, and seriously impeding the free passage of the breath of life. He pulled and hauled, begged mercy in stentorian tones, but the lady, like Nicholas, would not relent. His screams waked up the paternal ancestor, who arrived upon the scene, and accepting the situation, told his daughter to hold on to the scoundrel, while from his place he applied some most powerful and efficacious arguments, made up of buffalo sole-leather. This punishment continued till the inflictors were exhausted, and the inflicted about half dead, when he was permitted to depart.

A Disgraceful Midnight Affray.

ROWDIES ON THE RAMPAGE—THEIR ARREST AND ADMISSION TO BAIL.

A late Batavia (N. Y.) paper says that a most disgraceful outrage and riot took place in that village, on the night of the 16th ult., resulting in almost murderous assaults. On reaching his house he found the doors locked and heard a noise within. Looking through a window he saw his wife and his four children murdered. The perpetrators of the bloody deed were still in the house, ransacking every corner and receptacle for booty. The farmer and his friends forced an entrance, and attacked the murderous freebooters, four in number, shot three of them dead, and severely wounded the fourth. On being washed and stripped of disguise, the wounded man proved to be no other than the purchaser of the farm.

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This letter was inadvertently left by the respondent in her bed-room at Devonport, where it was afterwards found.

Evidence was then adduced in support of the petitioner's case, and several servants who were called, who had been in his employment, spoke as to the frequent visits of Dr. Stanger to the petitioner's house during his absence. When Dr. stanger came he generally saw the respondent in her bed-room. He would remain with her sometimes for two hours. He did so as early as 1859. In that year he was also seen kissing the respondent on the landing of the stairs. There was a dinner party in the house at the time, but there was no one near them. On some occasions when the respondent and co-respondent were in the dining-room together the door was found locked. On one occasion in 1859 Mr. and Mrs. Wood went out to dinner, but Mrs. Wood soon returned and told the servant that she had a headache and could not stay. After she came home she sent the servant for Dr. Stanger, who at once came to the house. On his doing so Mrs. Wood told the servant she might go out with the children for a walk. She accordingly did so, leaving Mrs. Wood and Dr. Stanger alone in the house. She was absent about two hours, and when she returned Doctor Stanger was still there.

A nursemaid, who was in the petitioner's service in 1862 and 1863, stated that on one occasion in the summer of the first-named year she was out with the children, and on her return one of them ran across the lawn in front of the house up to the dining-room window. She ran after him to fetch him back, and in the act of doing so looked in at the dining-room window, when she saw Mrs. Wood and Dr. Stanger on the sofa. On going to the door she met Dr. Stanger coming out. In the dining-room she found Mrs. Wood crying.

The petitioner's case was not finished at the rising of the court.

On Thursday the petitioner's case was resumed, when several witnesses were examined, but the case was again adjourned.

Two Hearts Made Happy.

A KENOSHA BANKER'S SON AND A LANDLORD'S DAUGHTER ELOPE—A MIDNIGHT MARRIAGE.

In Kenosha there is a banker, and that banker has a son, a youth that looks as all bankers' sons will do, learned to love. At least, so says a Milwaukee paper of the 25th inst. The object upon whom